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# CHURCH MISSIONARY GLENER.

1849.

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HE SHALL SPEAK PEACE UNTO THE HEATHEN.  
ZECHARIAH IX. 10.

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VOL IX.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM WATTS, CROWN COURT, TEMPLE BAR.

SOLD AT THE

CHURCH MISSIONARY HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE;  
BY SEELEYS, FLEET STREET, AND HANOVER STREET, HANOVER SQUARE;  
HATCHARDS, PICCADILLY;  
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# CHURCH MISSIONARY GLENER.

No. 1. JANUARY, 1849. VOL. IX.

CELEBRATION OF THE SOCIETY'S JUBILEE ON THE CON-  
TINENT—BÂSLE, AMSTERDAM.

A DISTINGUISHING feature of the late Church Missionary Jubilee has been the union of so many hearts, in widely separated lands, on the same day, and in the same work of peculiar prayer and praise. There has not yet been time for the echoing notes from our distant Missionary Stations to reach us; but our hearts have been gladdened and encouraged by finding that the same strains have been awakened nearer home, and that some among our Continental brethren, unconnected with us save by the ties of Christian love, have united with us in this commemoration. Most gratefully do we accept their tokens of affection and interest, and heartily do we rejoice in this further cementing of our fellowship in Christ Jesus.

From Bâsle, the following Letter, full of affection and lively sympathy, was forwarded to the Parent Society—

BÂSLE, Oct. 23, 1848.

DEARLY BELOVED AND HIGHLY RESPECTED BRETHREN IN OUR LORD—The day of your grateful commemoration of our Lord's mercy and goodness toward you, and you in Him, during the long course of half a century, is fast approaching; and with it, a day of praise and thanksgivings for us, the Committee of the Bâsle Missionary Society.

As we are prevented by earthly circumstances from mingling our voices with the chorus of the thousands who will celebrate the 1st of November in hundreds of Meetings in England, we cannot refrain from at least exalting your and our Heavenly Master for all His blessings bestowed upon your work in His service during so long a period, and the great doings of His right hand by the humble instrumentality of His servants. It is not only the wonderful extent which the Lord has given to your Missionary labours—from New Zealand to the Red Indians near the Pole, and from the large cities of China to the blood-stained wilder-

nesses of Guiana—that raises the thanksgiving of every truly catholic member of the great Protestant Church, and bids us also come forth with some weak and stammering expressions of sympathetic joy—but we have two great especial reasons to be in the ranks of those who appear before the Lord on this memorable day. The one is, that the Church Missionary Society of England has set an example to the universal Church of Christ, to encourage thousands to follow them as pioneers of the Lord of Hosts into His holy war. The other is, that this is not only most applicable to our own Missionary Society, which, with its Missionary fields in Armenia, Persia, the Caucasus, Western India, Bengal, China, West Africa, and now also amongst the Indians of North America, is a daughter or a younger sister of your Society, to which she owes the best part of her own Missionary education—but that we have had the pleasure and the blessing to see nearly one hundred of our dear brethren come forth from our own Seminary and enter the ranks of your Missionary army; fifty of whom are still scattered about the world, from the desolate plains of Australia, and the prairies of North America, to the Episcopal seat at Jerusalem, the central point of the religious world.

So we have a right, given us by the Lord, to take a share in your humble joy before the throne, and in your prayers for the future prosperity of a work, which is only yours and ours because it is the work of Him who came to save sinners.

May the Lord's grace and all-powerful presence be with you, and with all the Meetings of your Society in every part of the world, on this important day! and may fresh faithful exertions arise for the glory of the only name which is worthy to be exalted by the heart and tongue of man, throughout time and eternity!

We beg you, respected fathers and brethren in the Lord, to accept of this humble expression of our communion in faith, in love, and in hope, and also in the work of our Lord among the nations.

We remain, in grateful remembrance of all your kindness and affection,

Yours very respectfully and faithfully,  
The COMMITTEE of the BÂSLE MISSIONARY SOCIETY,  
and, on their behalf,

W. HOFFMANN,

*Inspector of the Missionary College,  
and Professor of Divinity at Bâsle.*

At Amsterdam, the invitation by the English Chaplain there, the Rev. W. Jamieson, to a Commemorative Meeting on the eve of the 1st of November, was responded to not only by English residents, but by a large number of the Dutch inhabitants. Mr. Jamieson, in a Letter to the Secretaries dated November 3, announcing the Meeting and the Collection, writes—

It affords me the most sincere pleasure, whilst the joyful sounds issuing from the silver trumpets around you are still vibrating on your ears, at this blessed season of the Church Missionary Society's Jubilee, to echo forth one of the faintest of these sounds, perhaps the first you may have heard from the European Continent.

On the evening of All Saints' Day we had one of the happiest evenings in my Church which, during my ministry here for twelve years, I have ever enjoyed. Four Resolutions, in reference to the Jubilee and the general cause of Missions, were passed amidst the most complete harmony.

And in another letter Mr. Jamieson adds—

Dr. da Costa and Dr. Beets, the two most strenuous defenders of Evangelical truth in the Netherlands, moved and seconded the first Resolution: a second was moved by one of the Aldermen of Amsterdam, and a third seconded by one of the Judges.

A friend who was present on the occasion has also furnished the following account of the Meeting, which cannot fail to interest our readers—

MY DEAR ———, I will endeavour to comply with your request, and give you the best idea I can of our little Jubilee Meeting at Amsterdam, of which I think the most interesting feature was its truly *catholic spirit*.

The little Episcopal Church was brightly lighted up; a table placed in the vacant space between the pulpit and reading-desk formed the platform; while the pews, and some chairs borrowed from a Dutch Church, held a very numerous and attentive audience, almost entirely Dutch, many of whom, however, both speak and understand English well. Mr. Jamieson was in the Chair, and opened the Meeting by giving out the hymn, "From all that dwell below the skies." He then read the 67th Psalm, with a short Expo-

sition, and said a few words upon the subject for which we were met together.

The first Resolution was moved by Dr. Isaac da Costa, who spoke with Jewish animation and Christian fervour. I am sorry I do not recollect what the Resolutions were. Their subjects were—of course the Jubilee, as the object of our Meeting; the increase and duty of forwarding Christian Missions; and the continuation and increase of Christian brotherhood among the followers of the same Saviour. I can give you a little idea of Dr. da Costa's speech, as a friend kindly translated it for me from memory; but it will lack much, the native idiom being wanting; while the bright eye, and ardent gesticulation of the speaker, can only be supplied by those who have seen Dr. da Costa speak on the theme he so dearly loves—the increase and spread of the kingdom of his Saviour and Messiah. But this is the little I have to offer—

It is with pleasure I meet the brethren this evening assembled upon this interesting occasion—the Jubilee of the Church Missionary Society. I feel gratified at being permitted, as it were on English ground, in this holy place, to express in public my feelings toward the greatest nation in the world. Circumstances, connected with the history of my native country, have long ago awakened sentiments in my heart toward England which can never be obliterated. From my earliest infancy I have had a feeling of affection for England. England, ever ready to give shelter to the wanderer and the oppressed, joined with Holland in grasping, as it were, with each extended arm, the exiled Jews. England, the greatest of nations, the most powerful, the most mighty, the example of the world! Wherein consists her greatness? In her littleness, in her nothingness! And when England forgets her *littleness*, England will be no longer *great*. No country is so blessed as England, because she seeks to bless her fellow-creatures with the blessings wherewith she is blessed—the knowledge of salvation by Jesus Christ. When I openly declared my faith in Christ the Lord, it was an Englishman that held out his hand to receive me. The power of England does not consist in her men-of-war, in her conquests, in her military prowess by sea and land, but in her bold and faithful preaching of the Gospel. Her Missionaries are sent forth into all the world. We are now assembled to celebrate the Jubilee Festival of her Church Missionary Society, set on foot just fifty years ago; not by the monarch on her throne, not by the noblest peers of the land, but by a few of those in whom consists her greatness—*her little ones*. The stupendous work of sending forth the Gospel to the nations of the globe was set on foot by a small company of twenty-five individuals. By their efforts the Word has been preached in distant lands; and

yet they have done but little: much remains to be done. The numbers that have embraced Christianity are more than I can call to mind, for Englishmen are fond of numbers, and have a particular method of calculating; but we will not regard numbers—the Members of this Society do not satisfy themselves with numbers. Their object is not like the Pharisees', to grope about by bye-ways, secretly grasping one by stealth, and pouncing upon another with a "*There I have him!*" But their whole and sole desire is, in obedience to their great Commander, to "go forth into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;" not instigated by humanity, or *humane* feelings—*humane* is not the word to be used here—but moved by the Holy Spirit of God. Convinced of the "beauty of holiness," and the value of an immortal soul, like the angels in Heaven they rejoice more over one sinner that repenteth than over the ninety and nine just persons who fancy they need no repentance. Thus, if it be but to tell one poor sinner how to escape the death of sin, England sends forth her Missionaries from North to South, from East to West. Asia introduced the Gospel to Greece, Greece to Rome, Rome to England, and England goes forth to all the world, not forgetting God's ancient people—once chief of all the earth, now the least, the meanest, the lowest. These she desires to receive into her bosom, knowing that Jesus of Nazareth came out from them, and that the bringing of them in will bring in also the glory of the Christian world. She is fulfilling the prophecy of the last book, the Revelation, and her work will not be ended till the Glory and Honour of the nations shall be brought in; when *we*, the outcasts, shall be the greatest assembled in the city of the New Jerusalem, standing in the midst, with all the redeemed of the earth encircling us. The Churches as Candlesticks must give their light, till the Sun of Righteousness shed forth his beams. Then shall the Tabernacle of God be with men; we, who are the least, shall be the greatest; and the receiving of *us* shall be the receiving of them.

The truly Israelitish features of Dr. da Costa's speech must speak for themselves.

He was followed by Dr. Beets (~~Bates~~), a Dutch clergyman, well known as the supporter of all that is to the glory of the kingdom of God. He is also known as a poet and writer, though his present sphere is that of minister to a small country congregation near Haarlem. He brought forward a letter from a New Zealander to Mr. Bickersteth; and, taking that as his text, enlarged upon it in Dutch. A few of the phrases I caught were—"Englishmen, men so kind, they have sent us the Book;" and, "I pray God every night to help me to read the Book." These he applied practically, to the great delight of all his Dutch auditors.



The next Resolution was moved by M. Koenen, a man of learning, substance, and rank in the State. This was seconded by the master of a private school, a man distinguished for Christian integrity and zeal.

Then M. Van Eyk, also one of the men of influence and fortune in Amsterdam, addressed us in English. His speech, which he had taken the trouble to write, advocated the Missionary spirit; and he also took the opportunity of pleading the cause of the *Amsterdam City Mission*, which he represented to be in need of funds. He was seconded by Mr. Milward, an old English resident in Amsterdam.

The last Resolution was moved by M. Teeding Van Barakhout, a member of the Government, who spoke in Dutch. He was seconded by M. Boissevain, in English, who said a few words on gratitude and love to God, and the blessings of love between the brethren—a speech quite characteristic of the speaker, a merchant of Amsterdam, and a man full of love both to God and man.

When these speeches were ended, a Dutch Hymn,\* composed by Dr. da Costa for the occasion, was given out by Mr. Jamieson, and all joined with heart and voice in the song of praise. A few words of prayer and blessing formed the conclusion.

I must just add a fact, which we ascertained afterwards—that the Burgomaster of Amsterdam was among the audience, seated in the background, beside an aged Jewish Convert, a pensioner on the English Church Fund.

The fact of believing Israelites uniting with Gentile Christians to send the light of Divine truth to the Heathen, is full of interest and encouragement. Thoughts of the past and of the future rush into the mind. We look back to those days when heathen countries were indebted exclusively to Jewish Missionaries for the glad tidings of salvation: and our hearts kindle as we look forward to the time when “the receiving” of the Jews shall be “as life from the dead.”

In connexion with this subject, we cannot but allude to another deeply-interesting fact—that the Jubilee was

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\* *Vide* page 12.

**BAPTISM OF AFRICANS IN CLAPHAM CHURCH, 1805. 7**

celebrated in London, at the Episcopal Jews' Chapel,\* by many believing Israelites; thus proving themselves true representatives of the primitive Churches of Christ in Judea, of whom it is written, that when the Apostles declared the conversion of the Gentiles "they caused great joy unto all the brethren." Acts xv. 3.



**BAPTISM OF AFRICAN CONVERTS IN CLAPHAM CHURCH,  
1805—JUBILEE ANTICIPATIONS BY THE FOUNDERS  
OF THE SOCIETY.**

THE Colony of Sierra Leone was first projected by a few philanthropic friends of Africa, who desired to introduce the blessings of lawful commerce, and the arts of civilized life, into that part of the African coast which had been long scourged and desolated by the Slave Trade.

One part of their plan was to bring over the sons of Native Chiefs to be educated in England. It was hoped they might afterward return to their native land well prepared, by education and by a knowledge of mechanical science, to promote the civilization of their countrymen. A School for this purpose was established, under an excellent man, Mr. Greaves, at Clapham, Surrey; a neighbourhood with which the honoured names of Wilberforce, Thornton, Stephen, and Macaulay, were long connected. The African youths used to attend Clapham Church, and sit in the space at the north side of the Communion Table; till, after a few years' trial, the mortality of the pupils caused the abandonment of the scheme.

One result, however, of this scheme was, the gathering of some of the first-fruits of the West-African race into the fold of Christ, by the public baptism, in Clapham Church, of eight Native Africans, on the 12th of May 1805.

An extract from the Sermon, preached by the Rev.

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\* See "Christian Israelites rejoicing in the Conversion of the Heathen;" two Sermons by the Rev. James B. Cartwright, M.A. —Wertheim and Macintosh.

John Venn in Clapham Church, on this occasion, will be a record of the faith and hope which animated the Founders of the Society. The text of the Sermon was Coloss. iii. 11.

Ye, my Christian Brethren of Africa, are witnesses this day that in Christ Jesus there is neither Jew nor Greek, circumcision nor uncircumcision, bond nor free. You can bear testimony to the mild and benevolent spirit of Christianity. If you have been wronged, Christianity has been guiltless of the wrong. She stretches out her arms to invite you, she receives you as Brethren, she consoles you with all the comforts of the Gospel of Christ. The Prophets hailed with rapture the day when the Morian's land should stretch out her hands to God. Christ died for you as well as for the Jew, or the Greek, or the Briton. Heaven is open to you as it is to them. The promises of the Gospel are yours, as much as they are theirs. We have the same hope of our calling, the same Word of Life, the same promises to cheer us, the same strength to support us.

How encouraging is it to look forward to the glorious scene which will be opened when all the redeemed of Christ shall be assembled together—people of every nation, kindred, and tribe upon Earth—a company which no man can number—ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands—every petty distinction of jealousy or envy laid aside for ever—all united, as brethren—all perfected in love. Glorious day! Whose heart does not burn with the sacred prospect, who does not—amid the desolation of war, the tumult and destruction, the feuds and jealousies, which agitate the Earth—who does not cry, How long, O Lord, how long? When wilt Thou take to Thee the power and glory, O King of saints, and put an end to the miseries of the world, and let Thy truth and glory prevail?

And now, my African Brethren, it is your part to give thanks to Jesus Christ for the hope to which you are called in Him. If there is any rivalry between nations, let it be only that of striving who can faithfully serve Christ and show forth His praise. Behold your great benefactor, who laid down His life for you! Direct your whole attention to Him. To Him you owe every thing—your life, your comforts, whatever they may be here, and your hopes of eternal felicity hereafter. Show, then, by your conduct,

your gratitude to Christ. Consider Him as from this day forward your Master and Lord. Devote yourselves to His service. Be assured that His service is perfect freedom. Live no longer to yourselves. You see how much it is your duty to repress all jealousies, envies, pride, anger: how you ought to stifle the rising emotions of discontent and murmuring. Let Christ be all in your esteem. Take pains to understand more fully the excellency of His Word, and the blessing of His salvation. Be careful to live in faithful obedience to His will in all things.

And while you feel, as I trust you do this day, thankful for the mercies vouchsafed to you in Christ—while you rejoice in a hope full of immortality—think upon your poor countrymen who are yet lying in darkness and the shadow of death. Millions amongst them have never heard of the glad tidings of salvation. They know nothing of Christians but as their oppressors: they know nothing of Christ under His true character as a Saviour and Benefactor. No bells call them on the Holy Sabbath to worship in the assembly of Saints. No hope of a better state above cheers them amidst the calamities of life: they rely not on the promise and Word of God to support them and to bless them. When they lie upon a dying bed, all before them is the gloom of darkness and uncertainty. Whether there be an hereafter, or of what nature that hereafter is—whether they will be punished or annihilated—they know not. O that they could enjoy the consolation and hope which the meanest amongst Christians in our nation may enjoy! Would that some of their own countrymen, who have tasted of the goodness of God, might devote themselves, like the Apostles of old, to the blessed work of making known the name and gospel of Jesus! Pray for them, my friends. If the love of Christ expands your hearts, let the first proof of it appear in this, that you ardently wish and pray that the same benefits which you enjoy may be communicated to your countrymen. This nation was once a heathen nation; and the time may come, yea, will come, when Africa shall embrace the Truth of Christ.

In the animated language with which this extract commences, we recognise the very spirit of the Jubilee: we are taught to anticipate that glorious concert in the praise of God, of differing nations, of

which we have witnessed some faint emblem below, but which shall hereafter crown the labours of the Evangelist. The voice of one of the Fathers of the Society will, at such a season as this, and upon such topics, be listened to with peculiar interest. May the address to the African Converts reach the ears and the hearts of many of their countrymen! How signally has God fulfilled the concluding prayer, that some of their own countrymen, who have tasted of the goodness of God, might devote themselves to the work of Evangelists! The mind recurs with devout gratitude to the Rev. Samuel Crowther, and others preparing for Holy Orders, and to the sixty Native Teachers in Africa. The language of our Lord may be exactly applied to us—"Blessed are your eyes, for they see: and your ears, for they hear. For verily I say unto you, That many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them." Matt. xiii. 16, 17. While we rejoice in this blessing, let us be encouraged to enlarge our hopes and expectations, and to attempt yet greater things. For the Lord is ready now to answer our prayers, and to enable us to take further steps in advance, if we "be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."



#### IDENTITY OF AFRICAN AND ROMAN-CATHOLIC IDOLATRY.

IN our Number for February and March last we gave an account of the likeness between Popery and Heathenism in South India, and its effects upon the Hindoos. They supposed that Christians worshipped idols, because they had observed, in the Popish Churches, that incense was burned before the images there set up. We now present, from the Journal of the Rev. H. Townsend, one of our Missionaries in Abbeokuta, proof of the sameness of African with Popish Idolatry. Mr. Townsend writes—



*Dec. 21, 1847*—I have lately been led to see more than ever the close affinity of Heathenism and Popery. On several occasions I have remarked that the superstitions of the people of this country are, in their minds, means by which the true God is worshipped. This truth, that there is but one God, seems to be well known among them, and never questioned; and on being asked why, notwithstanding, they worship inanimate objects, they reply, "It is God we worship: by the Orishas we worship God." "May God bless you!" is a very common phrase with them; and in reply to the question, "Did you awake in health this morning?" the common reply is, "I praise God." To-day I visited Sagbua. Many people were with him, and I found him more than usually inclined to talk on religious subjects. He put forth a question—"You in your country do not worship Ifa (the god of palm-nuts), Shango (the god of thunder), &c., nor the departed spirits of your ancestors" (Egugu), pointing at the same time to a sort of escutcheon painted on the wall near him, the symbol of his departed forefathers which they worship. "By what means do you get children if you have none, and wish to have?" The greatest honour and blessing that an African wishes for is an abundance of children. "Who made children?" I asked in reply. "Olorun" (God), a man replied, to which all assented. "Now," I said, "you have answered your own question: it is of God alone we can get them, and of God alone we ask for them." I then asked, "If God be our Creator, and formed us in our mother's womb, why do you pray to Ifa, Shango, Egugu, &c., for children?" Sagbua replied, "We don't ask children of them, supposing that they can give us; but we beg them as mediators for us with God." He added what I thus literally translate: "Messengers we appoint them to be. I hold Shango's feet, Ifa's, and Egugu's, that they should help me to beg God to give me all things that I want." The inanimate objects before which they pray, when they are begging their Orishas' help, are their pictures and crucifixes. There can be no very great difference between Popery and Heathenism: I think what difference there is, is in favour of Heathenism, for the Heathen only sin against the light of nature—feeling their helplessness, they have made mediators for themselves—while Papists, having the light of nature and revelation too, and Christ the true mediator revealed to them therein, as the only mediator between God and man, have multiplied

mediators for themselves without number. How clear it is that one evil spirit reigns over the darkness of this world ! Who can be surprised that White slave-traders at Lagos should consult Ifa before sending their ships to sea ? The God of Popery and the God of Heathenism is the same God.



FREE TRANSLATION OF THE JUBILEE HYMN COMPOSED  
BY DR. DA COSTA, AND SUNG AT THE MEETING AT  
AMSTERDAM, NOV. 1, 1848.

HARK, the glad notes of Jubilee !  
From land to land the echo flies !  
Join, all ye servants of our King,  
And let your Hallelujahs rise.

*Chorus.*—People of every clime and tongue,  
Praise ye the Lord, for He is good !  
Praise ye the Lord, praise Him alone,  
For He hath bought us with His blood.

Created by His sovereign power,  
Earth, sea, and sky, their God proclaim ;  
And man, in His own image made,  
Should doubly glorify His name.

People, &c.

But, ah ! the Heathen have no God,  
No holy law, no heavenly light !  
Satan now rules them at his will—  
Deep plunged in nature's darkest night.

People, &c.

Yet not too deep for God's rich love !  
He sends salvation's heralds forth  
To gather in from East and West,  
From burning South, and frozen North.

People, &c.

He goes with them, He bids them bear,  
To sinners dyed with guilt's dark stain,  
Glad tidings of a Saviour's love—  
The Lamb that has for us been slain.

People, &c.

Go forth, ye messengers, go forth !  
Let His free love your tongues employ !  
The first-fruits ye shall gather now,  
To be your crown of praise and joy.

People, &c.

The fulness cannot yet come in,  
Till Israel's sons shall hear His Word :  
Then Jew and Gentile shall be one,  
One flock, one Church, one name, one Lord !

People, &c.

# CHURCH MISSIONARY GLENER.

No. 2. FEBRUARY, 1850. VOL. X.

“BLESSED ARE YE THAT SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS.”—  
*Isaiah xxxii. 20.*

THE sowing of rice is here referred to. The rice-crop in China is of great importance. The mode of sowing it is as follows—

Much of the land in China is low and flat, and is intersected by numerous canals. The rivers in China annually overflow their banks, leaving behind a rich deposit of mud. After the waters have subsided, and the mud has lain exposed for some days to the action of the sun, so as to become in some measure dry, the Chinese prepare to sow the rice. A plot of ground is enclosed within a clay bank, and ploughed and harrowed. The grain is then sown somewhat thickly over it. Immediately after, a body of water is let in, so as to cover the ground to the depth of a few inches. This is the seed-bed from whence transplanting is carried on into all the adjoining fields. From the time the rice is sown, until it is nearly ripe, it requires to be covered with one entire sheet of water.

“Waters,” in the language of Scripture, signify nations. The word is so explained in Rev. xvii. 15—  
“The waters which thou sawest, where the whore sitteth, are peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues.”

To “sow beside all waters,” means that we are to sow the seed of the Gospel among the nations of the earth, far and wide, wherever we have opportunity. It reminds us that we are to make use of the various relations in which we are placed to our fellow-men, as opportunities of endeavouring to bring them to Christ. Such opportunities are very many. Even within a single family, how many there are where the good seed

may be sown! How many relationships by which we may do good! Husband and wife, parents and children, masters and servants. And beyond the threshold of a Christian's home, how the field enlarges! How many friends, acquaintances, neighbours, to whom a word spoken in season would be good indeed! and beyond the boundaries of our own locality, and of our country, how vast the field, how many the “waters!” And yet such are not to be neglected because they are distant, for the promise is not, Blessed are they that sow beside *some* waters; or, Blessed are they that sow beside *many* waters; but, “beside *all* waters.” “As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men.”

How great the work! How many at home who know not God! What multitudes in distant lands who are wandering about as sheep without a shepherd! There is much to be done, and therefore all should help—all who would please their Lord and have His blessing—all who would be among the blessed. There is no one, who has a mind to work, who may not do something.

Are we disposed to help? Then let us remember, he who would sow seed must first of all be furnished with it. A man cannot sow that which he has not. He would be considered a foolish man who should go out to sow his field, and leave his seed behind him. He who would sow seed of wheat, or of some other grain, must have his hands filled with it; and he who would sow Gospel seed, ought to have his *heart* filled with it. It is true, an uninfluenced man may sow this seed, and, as the seed is good, although the man is not, good may be done. But this sort of sowing brings no blessing to the man himself, nor shall he know the joy of harvest, when “both he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together.” “Unto the wicked God saith, What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldest take my covenant in thy mouth? Seeing thou hatest instruction, and castest my words behind thee.” We should therefore, first of all, inquire, Have I been born again of the incorruptible seed? Has the

seed of the Gospel been so truly and deeply sown in my heart, that it is bringing forth fruit in my life?

Let us, then, at our Master's bidding, go forth joyfully and cheerfully to "sow beside all waters." Through the Church Missionary Society we may help to sow the seed in lands so distant, that, but for such an opportunity of doing good, we could never reach them. He who gives his prayers and contributions to the Society shares in its work. What the Missionary does in some distant land, *he* is doing. He that tarries at home divides the spoil. He who gives his weekly penny, and gives it cheerfully, and gives it prayerfully, and in the spirit of one who would give more if he had it to give, is sowing beside all those waters where the Society's Labourers have gone forth. May many come forward to help, that we may indeed "sow beside all waters."

"In due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Let this be our encouragement to go on, even when present appearances are against us, and much of the seed seems to be lost.

If you were unacquainted with the culture of the rice-crop, you would think it strange to see the field which had just been sown all laid under water. So trials arise, floods of discouragement break in, and cover all the work; but they are overruled for good. They are a part of the process necessary to the growth of the heavenly seed: and, as the waters diminish with the approach of the rice-crop to maturity, so, when trials and difficulties have answered the purpose for which they were intended, they are withdrawn, and gracious proofs are given us that our labour has not been "in vain in the Lord."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." Eccles. xi. 1.



#### CUTTACK.

THIS is a town of Orissa, not far from the famous temple of Juggernaut. Cuttack is therefore possessed



of many advantages as a Missionary Station, opportunity being afforded of preaching the Gospel and distributing books, &c., among the many thousands of unhappy pilgrims who, from various parts of India, come annually to Juggernaut. The misery endured by the deluded wanderers is beyond description: to comprehend it fully, it must be seen.

At Cuttack there is a School in connexion with the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, a Society which ought to be heartily supported by every British lady. Miss Collins, who has charge of the School, receives, from time to time, poor orphan children whose parents have died amidst the horrid scenes of Juggernaut. In a Letter dated April 22, 1849, she mentions the following cases of this kind—

We have had several additions from the heathen community during the last few months. The first was a poor little orphan, whose parents died on pilgrimage, and who was sent here by the friend at Pooree at whose house I was so kindly entertained last year. She was very weak, and though at times she looked better, yet, after much suffering, she died about seven weeks since. The others have nothing particular in their case; but the fourth, whom we have named Phœbe—her own name was that of a goddess—came under interesting circumstances. She was found by one of our Native Christians wandering in the bazaar, uncared for and unknown. He asked her from whence she came; and after hearing her story, which is as follows, he asked her if she would go where she would be cared for. She consented, and he brought her here.

Her parents left Balasore for Cuttack, she being their only child. On the way they were seized with the awful cholera, and both died. The low-caste people took all they had, in the shape of brass vessels, &c., leaving the poor orphan to live or die. In that destitute condition she subsisted on what she obtained by begging, and reached Cuttack, where, being an utter stranger, she had no one to pity or to save. In this condition she was found, and brought to us. She is a peculiar girl, and seems to have plenty of wit. Truly the tender mercies of the heathen are cruel. How destitute of feeling must those creatures have been to strip a poor orphan girl of her all, and leave her to the mercies

of the world, and that a heathen one ! But such is the hardening system of idolatry. The case of another little girl was parallel, or rather that of her little brother, for they were both delivered into the hands of a native officer to bring to us ; but the poor baby-boy died of starvation, the unfeeling people refusing to give, or even *sell*, a little milk for its sustenance on the way. Oh, when will the day arrive in which these poor deluded Heathen will learn to love their neighbours as themselves, and when the love of Christ will constrain them to it ? None can tell the depravity of a Hindoo : his selfishness and wickedness is past description. The Holy Spirit alone can change such masses of sin and corruption ; but “when the Spirit shall be poured out from on high, this wilderness will become a fruitful field, and the fruitful field be counted for a forest.” The Lord hasten it in His time !

There is another class of poor suffering children to whom the same Christian kindness is extended, and a home and friends afforded to the friendless and the homeless—the children rescued from the merciless Khunds. “The Khunds are a tribe inhabiting the hills which surround Orissa. They offer human sacrifices to the protecting goddess of their haldi\* fields. Their victims are generally stolen or purchased from the plains when children, and fattened for their sacrifices. Sometimes they are kept for some years, and when the propitious time arrives, the poor creatures are conducted to the appointed spot, lashed to a post firmly fixed in the ground, and, at a signal given, the people rush on them, and with sharp knives cut off their flesh, which they hasten to deposit in their respective fields before the day closes over them.”†

Active efforts on the part of Government have been in operation for several years, in order to put down this horrid custom, and very many poor children have

\* A kind of grain.

† See “History of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East,” a very interesting compilation of communications from various portions of the East, and very suitable for general circulation.—E. Suter, 32, Cheapside.

been rescued from the Khunds. Some of these, in the Letter abovementioned, are thus referred to—

*Cuttack, April 22, 1849.*

On the 2d instant we had an addition to our cares of eighty children, rescued from the barbarous and murderous Khunds. It is true that thirty of these have been sent on to the care of our dear Missionary friends at Balasore; but they came to us after a long journey, weary, and miserably dirty, many of them sickly, and all remained a fortnight, of course much increasing our work. Our total number is now 120, about 65 of whom are girls. The dear children seem quite at home, and happy. Many of them are small, their ages varying from three to eleven or twelve. The countenances of many are very interesting, intelligent, and affectionate, and I assure you they have already found a warm place in our affections. May the Lord bless them, and give us grace to train them for Himself! You would have been both surprised and pleased to see them, after only a few days' residence in their new home, come into the School, each to make a bag for her own use.

One of the former Khund children, a sweet girl of ten years, named Berdomie, had retained her language better than the others; and she manifested much affectionate solicitude for her new friends, going from one to another, asking what they wanted, and comforting them when they wept, which was the case with several for the first day or two. I was delighted to see such marks of sisterly affection: she seemed as though she could not do enough for them.

The agents for the suppression of Meriahs are men who fear God: they were anxious that their poor rescued victims should be placed under religious instruction, and the Government kindly allowed them to dispose of them to the Missionaries, allowing for their support; and on their marriage a dowry of ten rupees to the girls, and to the boys two bullocks and a plough, toward setting them up; or an equivalent to those who learn trades. The last-rescued portion are from a district where the sacrifice is performed in a dreadfully cruel manner. After being fastened to a stake, the infatuated people run upon them with knives, and cut off the flesh from every part of the body, leaving the remainder to be consumed to ashes, and these also are used for the land. An old woman came with the children who had had two sons thus sacrificed—one of them, quite a youth,

cut to pieces before her eyes. She says that she cried and wailed, and was almost frantic, but was told that for this she was brought, and if she was not silent she should be severely punished: probably her own life would have been taken.

I was not aware that old people were sacrificed until these arrived; but it appears that when there are more on hand than are required, they are kept for the next season.



LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY TO HIS FORMER PASTOR  
IN ENGLAND.

THE following Letter from one of our New-Zealand Missionaries to a venerable Clergyman at home, whose faithful preaching of "Jesus Christ and Him crucified" was blessed to his soul's health, is full of interest.

*Jan. 25, 1849.*

REV. AND DEAR SIR—I thought you might be interested in hearing from one who had the privilege of attending your ministry in England, and who, under God, owes every thing to you as his spiritual father. On the 31st of October, 1829, in a sermon preached from the words of Joshua, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served," &c., you showed that the service of God was a reasonable, blessed, and delightful service. From that day forward the bands of infidelity, deism, and Satan, I trust, through the grace of God, were effectually broken, and I have found that Christ is a blessed master to serve: His "yoke is easy, His burden is light." His service is perfect freedom. Not only so, but I can set to my seal that the Missionary service repays more than an hundred fold even in this life—an hundred fold of peace, joy, happiness. The Cross contains sweet ingredients, even when it appears most heavy to be borne. We are mourning over the removal of our only son, a boy of promise just nine years old, but all is well. God is love in all His dealings, all His nature—all love, infinite, unchanging love. After sixteen years' service in the Missionary field, after all the fevers of Africa, the dangers and trials of New Zealand, I can, I do say, that not one word of the promise of my God has failed. He has magnified His name above all His word, and none shall be ashamed that trust in Him.

I was ordained in St. Paul's Church, Auckland, on the 24th of December last, by our respected Bishop. I trust that I shall have an interest in your prayers, my respected and beloved father in Christ, that I may be faithful to my ordination vows, and be indeed an humble, faithful, zealous, and, if it is His will, successful Missionary unto my life's end; that I may be made wise to win souls to Christ; that I may finish the ministry committed to me with joy; and then, when, through sovereign grace and redeeming love, I shall have "fought the good fight, and finished my course," there is one dear name I would speak of to cherubim and seraphim, and that name is Christ. To archangel and angel; to glorified prophets and apostles; to holy martyrs and saints made perfect; to the Church triumphant and the Church militant—Christ, none but Christ! And to my poor people, now just emerging from barbarism, and entering into all the temptations of civilized life, the same all-powerful, all-sufficient Saviour Christ is, must be, the Missionary's theme—Christ in all His glorious Godhead; Christ in all His perfect manhood; Christ in all His offices; Christ in His work of salvation; a living, a risen, a glorified, an interceding Saviour, as well as a suffering, an atoning Saviour. I trust, by the grace of God, I have been enabled to preach Christ in some humble measure. Oh, pray for me, my dear and respected father, that Christ may be more and more the subject of my ministry—Christ in the soul the hope of glory; Christ in all the unknown heights and depths and lengths and breadths of His love; Christ in my daily life and conversation; Christ in prosperity; Christ in adversity, bereavement, affliction, darkness, temptation; Christ in life; Christ in the dark valley; Christ in death; Christ in judgment; Christ in eternity—none but Christ! none but Christ!—that dear and gracious Saviour, whose service you assured me was not only a reasonable, but a delightful service; and the poor unhappy Deist is now, by grace, a happy, and I trust, in some measure, a thankful and successful Missionary in the wilds of New Zealand. Bless the Lord, O my soul! Forgive my speaking of myself; but out of the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak.

My beloved wife, whom you and your daughters knew, has a Girls'-school, and she is indeed a help-meet for a Missionary in every respect. We have one son and two daugh-



ters in heaven, and two little girls are our only remaining family—the elder eight, and the younger three years old. I trust we may have grace to bring them up for Christ. I have an extensive district under my charge, more than seventy miles in length—a wild country, with a population of about 1600, more than 500 being baptized. Forty Natives, some of the most bloodthirsty cannibals in New Zealand, who have for years resisted the Gospel, were last Monday admitted by baptism into the Church, after a long probation, clothed and in their right mind. Can any thing resist the name of our Immanuel? Our people are in some measure suffering from their too constantly visiting the capital, Auckland. Their minds are drawn away from Christ, and the ungodly lives of some of the settlers are a great stumbling-block to them. Civilization is advancing. Wheat is being cultivated, and large water-mills are being erected in this district. At least a third of our people can read the Testament in their own language, and I trust they may be kept from the many temptations which surround them. If any of the friends of Missions should feel inclined to help our School, children's garments, roundabouts of all sizes, of cheap, strong material, would help us to clothe some of our poor naked children. If forwarded to the Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, for the Rev. A. B., they would find us, and would be most acceptable.

Let faithful Ministers persevere. A single sermon may be made extensively useful indeed. It may not only do good at home, but prepare good for some far-distant tribe, and bring forth into the light of truth the future Missionary, who shall sow the same seed, and perpetuate the same truth, in New Zealand, or Africa, or the East.

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#### THE SOLDIER OF THE VAUDOIS.

WE take the following narrative from the "Glaneur Missionaire" for December 1849—

Daniel T——, of whom these few lines are intended as a brief memorial, had been for some years traveller to a commercial house at Turin, when, in 1847, the conscription called him to join the army at an age when the generality

of young men only dream of pleasure and enjoyment. Daniel T——— nourished in his heart other thoughts. The following extract from a Letter he wrote to one of his brothers in March 1845, shows what were the feelings of his mind at that period—

I had been a long time without thinking on my latter end, and without considering that I must one day be called into judgment; that I was loaded with sins and iniquities, and that I must soon suffer the punishment of them. The Lord commenced by graciously wakening me from this long sleep. Still, even when I discovered the danger which surrounded me, I knew not how to avoid it; how to flee from "the wrath to come." I trembled before the law of God, for I sought to save myself by my works; but after I had for a long time prayed, the Lord heard me. He sent me a friend—a brother—the same who will deliver thee this letter. This friend showed me that Jesus died for my sins, and that in believing on Him I should have life. The Lord deigned to bless his words: they are now my only hope of salvation. Render thanks to God, along with me, for the good He has done me, and pray Him that He would make Himself known to many other sinners who do not yet know Him.

It was in this state of mind that Daniel T——— departed to join the army. There, as at his counting-house, he knew how to conciliate the esteem and affection of his superiors, so that before a year of service he had attained the rank of sergeant.

His military career, so well commenced, was not destined to last long. Attacked, with many others, by fever under the walls of Mantua, he was able to arrive at Tortona, and from thence wrote to one of his brothers, informing him of his state, and praying him to visit him. When the brother, who had set off in all haste, arrived, he was no more. Unhappy lot, one will say, thus to die alone, far from his native home, far from all he loved! But no, he was not alone: He in whom he had believed was nigh, and did not abandon him at this his last hour. The promises of the Word were the lamp which lighted for our young friend the obscurity of the dark valley. As long as his senses permitted him, he ceased not to read it, alternately with a short collection of hymns he had copied with his own hand, and which he carried everywhere along with him. In the evening of the day on which he died, a Priest came to administer to him extreme unction. Our friend, who

for an entire day had lost the use of speech, could only express by signs his refusal of this ceremony. The Priest still insisting, the emotion of the dying man was so strong that his voice was sufficiently restored to let these words be heard—"Leave me in peace: I do not wish to become a Romanist." The Priest then left him; but when he was dead, instead of honourable burial, which was due to him as a soldier and citizen—if fanaticism did not permit them to grant it as a Christian—they buried his corpse in a field by the roadside, not wishing to allow it a place in the cemetery.



CHURCH MISSIONARY MEETING AT FAREHAM,  
HAMPSHIRE.

ONE of our Association Secretaries, who attended the Anniversary Meetings at Fareham in August last, has communicated to us the following very interesting circumstance—

Prior to the Meetings, some active young ladies, the sisters of the Curate of the parish, called on the various shopkeepers, and suggested that it would be well if they would shut up their shops early, that the apprentices, and other persons employed in them, might have an opportunity of attending the Evening Meeting. The Vicar of the parish, who is a warm friend and valuable supporter of the Church Missionary Society, was aware that this suggestion had been made by the ladies alluded to, but could perhaps form no opinion upon the extent to which it might be acted upon. As I was accompanying him, however, from his own dwelling to the place of meeting, through the greater part of the town, we were surprised and delighted *to find the whole street with its shops entirely closed*. During our progress of, I suppose, at least half a mile, I saw but one shop open, and this might perhaps have been closed soon after we passed it. The consequence of this considerate conduct was, a very large attendance of young persons of both sexes, who appeared extremely interested in the proceedings of the evening, which did not terminate until ten o'clock, and were closed by a liberal collection.

To me the spectacle was peculiarly striking, as I had

never before seen a populous town, at an early hour of an evening of the week, present so much the appearance of the Sabbath.

How gladly would we see this good example followed by the inhabitants of many a town and village in highly-favoured England! And no doubt it would be, if similar exertions were made—if, previous to the Meetings, the people were visited from house to house, and personally invited to the Meeting. Hand-bills are but little attended to. The direct personal invitation, on the part of the Clergyman, or some members of his family, is the most effective way of advertising a Church Missionary Meeting.



LINES SUGGESTED BY THE ACCOUNT OF THE "DISMISSAL OF TEN MISSIONARIES TO THEIR RESPECTIVE SPHERES OF LABOUR," CONTAINED IN THE "CHURCH MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCER" FOR NOVEMBER 1849.

Go forth, devoted soldiers,  
Ye servants of our God!  
Arm'd with your high commission,  
Go forth, and preach the Word!

From East to West resounding,  
The Heathen's cry is heard—  
"Come over here, and help us."  
Go forth, then—preach the Word!

To China, with her millions,  
The Word of God proclaim;  
Till all those vast dominions  
Confess a Saviour's name.

To Afric's swarthy children  
The joyful tidings tell—  
That Christ has died to save them  
From sin, from death, and hell.

Go forth, then, to your labours,  
Obeying Christ's command.  
Go forth! the victory is yours:  
"Go up! possess the land!"

D. P. B.

*University College, Durham.*

# CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

No. 3.

MARCH, 1849.

VOL. IX.

## MISSIONARY CONFLICT.

“HE that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.” Ps. cxxvi. 6. So it has been with the Church Missionary Society: such her past history, such the present aspect of her work. Her past history is as the history of Christianity itself; as the history of every soul in which the work of grace has happily commenced. It has been a time of wrestling prayer, of travailing effort, to accomplish, on behalf of others, a “work of faith and labour of love” to which there have been many hindrances. Its cry has been—“O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for Thy name’s sake. O God, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works that Thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them. O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for Thine honour.”

From the moment the Society went forth on its mission of love until the present time, there has been one unceasing conflict with opposing elements. Still its course has been onward—onward by looking upward, and *therefore* never backward. Like the life-boat bound for the rescue of those in danger, it has not sunk beneath the waves: there has been within it, by the grace of God, a living principle, which has buoyed it up, and the dash of the wave, and the roar of the storm, have failed to overwhelm it. Still its course has been with much conflict of mind, on the part of all engaged in it. First, of the Missionaries of the Society.

They have gone forth from year to year, a host of devoted men, bearing with them precious seed to scatter over the neglected wastes of the heathen world. Precious seed indeed! seed which God Himself has commanded to be sown, the incorruptible seed of Gospel truth. They found it in the Bible! This is the

granary ! It was as precious seed sown in their own hearts, and that which they found so rich in blessing to themselves they gladly went forth to minister to others — yet, like their Master, not without sorrow. He laboured amid much of personal suffering, and often the path of the Missionary is the same. Those causes of affliction which are common to us all, press much more heavily on a Missionary in a strange and heathen land. Here, amidst domestic sorrow, or ministerial trial, when some grieve by their indifference, and others disappoint by painful backsliding, the sympathy of Christian friends is sweet. But from this the Missionary is often far removed. When Dr. Krapf lost his devoted wife on the isle of Mombas, and subsequently, laid on a sick-bed, found none to minister to him save strangers—strangers not only to his race and habits, but to his God and Saviour—what had he of Christian sympathy ? But the Missionary has trials peculiar to his position which we can scarcely realize. To be alone in the midst of idolatrous rites and heathen practices, to mark the blighting influence which they exercise on man, the degradation of the creature, and the dishonour offered to God, and to feel like one who goes down in his weakness to battle with the swell and tide of the furious ocean—to look around and behold all that is to be done—souls rushing onward in one unceasing torrent to destruction—and remember how feeble his efforts, how disproportionate to the urgent demand for earnest, laborious, unceasing exertions, which every instant brings with it—how trying all this ! But if his burden be heavy, it brings him to his knees, and there he finds strength. It leads him to a conflict of prayer. He wrestles for a blessing, and prevails. Lord—such is the Missionary's cry—Lord, I am weak, but Thou art mighty ! I am helpless, but Thou canst help ! I am as one in bonds—the bonds of human weakness and infirmity are upon me—Lord, turn my captivity ! The heathen are in bonds : turn *their* captivity. Thus he is sustained : out of weakness he is made strong, and, though often weeping, he goes on sowing “precious seed.”

In our next Number we shall have a word to say respecting this conflict on the part of those who are engaged in the same work at home.



## THE HINDOO WIDOW.

THE widows of India are a peculiar class, well deserving our sympathy. The following extracts from a recent work on India\* are descriptive of their state—

At the door of some wealthy merchant you would occasionally see his wife or daughter in full dress of costly silk, her glossy black hair graced with a round ornament of gold on the crown; long pendants from the ears, the perforation of which had been artificially increased to the diameter of half an inch; the edges of the ears crowded with a succession of rings up to the very tip; a ring, large enough for a bunch of keys, inserted into the nose, resting on the cheek, and strung with pearls; a heart-shaped piece of gold suspended from the centre membrane of the nose, and resting on the upper lip; several chains of gold on the neck, sometimes a richly gemmed collar; the arms thronged with bracelets from above the elbow; a ring or more on every finger; massive silver anklets loading the feet and tinkling with every motion, while each toe rejoiced in a broad ring.

I have seen a little girl not more than five or six years of age, with all the finery just described, standing in her father's door to display it. But I have also seen a little girl of not more than that age, in one of those same houses, with every ornament gone, her hair shaved off, and other signs of widowhood. A poor girl of three, or five, or seven, may be given by her father to a husband of thirty, or fifty, or seventy. She may never have set her eyes on him, except on the wedding-day; she is still living at her father's house; but if the man who calls her wife die, she is his widow, and his widow for life. The *tahli*† is removed from her neck; then, one by one, her arti-

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\* Arthur's "Mission to the Mysore," pp. 195, 375.

† A small golden ornament, with the image of a god engraved upon it, and having attached a cord composed of a hundred and eight extremely fine threads. To this ornament incense is offered, and each of the persons present touches it, invoking blessings upon it. The bride then turns to the east, and the bridegroom, taking the ornament thus consecrated, places it in front of her neck, and ties the cord behind. This is called the *tahli*: it is their wedding ring.

cles of jewellery; her dress changed for a widow's robe, and her rich black hair shaved, to be allowed to grow no more. From that day she commences a life of shame. She is charged with her husband's death, he has been taken from her to punish her sin in a former birth; the younger she is, the greater sinner she must have been, to be overtaken so soon, and her accusations are proportionably malignant; her presence is a curse, it must never blight social festivity nor sacred ritual; the house is cursed for her sake; no accident or misfortune occurs but it is her fault; she is the drudge, the butt, the sorrow, the reproach of her family. If she has the honour to be a Brahmin's widow, in addition to all other inflictions, she is permitted but one meal a day. She may not marry again: it would be more disgraceful than any immorality. With us the word "widow" sounds tenderly, even on harsh tongues. In the families of India it is a term of execration. And spite can find no name so bitter as the "son of a widow." No human being is more to be pitied than a young Hindoo widow. Then it is to be remembered, that this class is far more numerous in India than amongst us: for, first, every man, without exception, marries and may re-marry as often as he likes; secondly, every bride is a young girl—a child; thirdly, every female once widowed continues a widow for life. From these three causes, widows in India must be at least twice as numerous as in England; and when it is remembered that the population of India is sevenfold that of the British Isles, it will be seen what a multitude of breasts are pierced by Hindooism with continual sorrows.

Not only is the condition of *heathen* widows thus painful and degraded, but our Missionaries found that the state of those who were professedly *Christian* was little better. With a view to their improvement a class of widows has been formed in the Satankoolam District of our Tinnevely Mission, under the superintendence of the Rev. Stephen Hobbs. The beginning of this good work is thus described by Mr. Hobbs in a Letter dated March 5, 1845—

We issued a general invitation to all the widows in the district to come to the Station every Friday morning, promising them a small quantity of rice to take away with them in the afternoon, provided they would learn diligently all the forenoon. A good number came immediately, and



now the usual attendance is about 60. Of these, upward of 30 are comparatively young women, and all such are beginning to learn their letters. The older ones are only required to learn texts, &c. As a further inducement to them to attend regularly, we give them a ticket, three of which are valued at an anna (about three halfpence), to be taken, when they have a sufficient number, in payment for cloths. These they value more than the rice, and are very careful not to forfeit them by late attendance or inattention.

I scarcely need add any thing to show the great importance of the object, whether referring to the wretched individuals themselves, or to the congregations with which they are connected. They are a class of people abandoned, for the most part, to grief, privation, filth, and superstition; and, in many cases, to vice. In the ordinary course of our work we do not meet with them at all. Despising themselves, and supposing themselves despised by all the world, they skulk away from observation, and drag out a gloomy existence in the obscurity of their little huts. Their superstitious fancies, however, and the dirty habits to which they may be said to devote themselves, cannot but influence for the worse the habits of thought and manners of their families and associates. The experiment we are now trying is well calculated to break through some of these deeply-rooted evils, and we are in hopes of seeing a great reformation, should we be able to persevere, not only in those who are the primary subjects of it, but secondarily in the Congregations at large. If the corners of a room are left full of dust and dirt, however the middle may be swept and cleaned, the room will still be foul: so if we can but cleanse these neglected corners of our Congregations, the good effect will be visible everywhere around.

In a Letter dated July 1847, Mrs. Hobbs thus relates the success of the *experiment* to which her husband above refers—

It was at first no easy task to establish any thing like order; but this I at last effected by dividing the widows into classes, and putting each class in charge of two of my school-girls. I found, as I expected, that native prejudices operated strongly against my endeavours to make them tidy; but this difficulty was at last got over beyond my expectations, and they are now among the cleanest women in the Congregations. When Mr. Hobbs and I go into their

villages, instead of running away as they once did, they are among the first to run, with nicely combed hair and clean cheerful faces, to greet us. I was pleased, a short time ago, to hear the testimony of a friend to their improvement in this respect. He was riding out one morning, when he met a number of women, who made salaam to him. He saw they were Christians, and they looked so clean and nice that he supposed it was a wedding party; but, to his surprise, he found they were widows on their way to their class at Satankoolam. Even for this outward improvement we are very thankful; but I trust God is imparting to them far greater blessings. Mr. Hobbs has a Service with them once a week, and we are thankful to feel convinced that their hearts are becoming opened to receive the words of everlasting life. One young woman, in particular, we have reason to hope is really born of God. Several of these widows are not much above twenty years of age. Except a few, whom we support entirely in Satankoolam, that they may receive daily instruction, they come over from their own villages once a week, though some of them live ten miles off. We have now altogether between eighty and ninety.

It is deeply to be regretted that so good a work should suffer from want of pecuniary means. Mr. Hobbs, in a Letter dated May 31, 1848, thus writes—

I have already told you that we are very much in need of assistance in carrying on our widows' class; and I am sorry now to have to say that our funds for that department are entirely exhausted, so that we are obliged to suspend it for the present. I earnestly trust the kindness of Christian friends will enable us soon to resume this very important work. I am not less persuaded now, than when we first opened our class, that the gradual elevation of this most debased class of people is one of the first things we must attempt, if we wish to strike at the root of superstition and lurking heathenish prejudices in our Congregations. They are not allowed to eat with any of their family, and "custom" forbids their ever combing their hair, or washing their clothes, which are worn till they literally fall to pieces. They seem to glory in their own privations; and if any one of them, in compliance with our exhortations, ventures to deviate in the smallest point from the rigid and loathsome discipline which "custom" prescribes to them, she is taunted with the utmost bitterness, and the other widows of the vil-

lage are the foremost in persecuting her. The remedy for such deeply-rooted evils must of course be very slow and gradual in taking effect; but a system of constant and special attention to their improvement must, as it succeeds in its immediate object, be also beneficial, secondarily, on the rest of the population, of which they form so large a portion; especially as they seem to have great influence with their neighbours in general, of all ages. They are the most miserable victims of "custom," and yet, at the same time, the most zealous in explaining it to their own sex.

Mrs. Hobbs of course takes the management of this interesting class. With regard to the older women, she finds it impossible to do more than teach them a few texts by heart, but the younger ones she teaches to read. As to the results hitherto observable, I can only say they are such as to encourage us to proceed. If I could give an accurate description of the greater number of those who compose the class, our friends would say it was the drudgery work of the Mission to attempt enlightening and reforming them. But there are many instances of evident improvement; and, cheerless as the prospect sometimes is, we would not be "weary in well-doing, knowing that in due season we shall reap if we faint not." There is a very decided improvement in the neatness and cleanliness of their outward appearance, as well as in the expression of their countenances, and this gives us hope of better things.

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#### SHANGHAI.

THIS city is situated on the river Woosung, which flows into the great river of China, the Yang-tze-keang. The aspect of the surrounding country is thus described by the Rev. Charles Gutzlaff\*—

All is one fertile flat, not much above the level of the sea, well cultivated, without the least hill. The ravages occasioned by inundations are here very great, since no banks, made of this loamy soil, can resist the swollen river. In such low ground one would expect many meadows, but even the name of them is unknown. The Chinese have taken proper care to drain these marshy grounds of water, and to render them well adapted to the culture of rice, which requires a low and moist soil. They do not prize

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\* "Journal of three Voyages along the Coast of China, &c." Second Edition, pp. 239, 240. Westley & Davis.

milk and butter, nor do they like to rear cattle for slaughter; hence they would derive no advantage from meadows. But to procure the immediate necessary of life, rice, as well as to furnish their tribute of grain to the capital, which in this province is very considerable, all their energy is directed to raise annually two crops of grain from this fertile soil, one of rice and another of wheat.

We visited some houses which are very spacious, serving at the same time for granaries and dwellings. The Natives are diminutive in size, and very dirty in their persons, as well as in their houses. They showed very little curiosity or alarm at seeing us come suddenly upon them. We saw several females engaged in weaving nankeen cloth, and afterwards examined the cotton of which it is made, and which is of the same colour as the cloth. While we were in the boat at anchor we received numerous visits from the people, whose curiosity seemed to be raised by degrees, and who staid alongside, silently gazing upon us. Some of the peasants could read, and we were glad to present them with our books; some hesitated in accepting them, fearing we should ask a great sum in return; others received them gratefully.

The city itself is thus portrayed by the Rev. G. Smith (Bishop Designate of Victoria) in his work on China\*—

Like most Chinese cities, its exterior appearance is not calculated to impress the approaching traveller with the wealth or grandeur of the place. Nor does a personal visit to its narrow streets or lanes, abounding with filth, remove the unfavourable impression from a European visitor. The city is surrounded by a wall, about three miles in circuit, through which six gates open into the surrounding suburbs. Four of these open into the vicinity of the river, where most of the mercantile houses are situated.

These extracts may help us to realize some features of this Chinese city, where our Missionaries, the Rev. Messrs. M'Clatchie and Farmer, are labouring to introduce the Gospel. We have recently received from Mr. M'Clatchie a Letter dated Nov. 16, 1848, in which are the following passages—

I have purchased ground for a house, and also for a Church. The former site is close to Bishop Boone's School-

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\* "A Narrative of an Exploratory Visit to each of the Consular Cities of China, &c." Second Ed., p. 136. Seeleys. Hatchard. Nisbet.

house and residence. It is the best position in every respect which we could have chosen. The Chinese are such notorious swindlers and cheats that they cannot be trusted in the most trifling transaction. I am therefore obliged to spend the greater part of my time in overseeing the workmen who are engaged in building my house.

Mr. M'Clatchie is about to lay the foundations of a spiritual building. Of the difficulties which necessarily present themselves in a work like this, the following is an instance. He says—

I met with an incident the other day which shows how firmly Satan retains the souls of his slaves in his grasp, even where they have some desire to get free. As I was passing by a temple in this city I heard the noise and beating of gongs, which always accompanies the performance of a play in honour of their gods. I entered, and instead of going among the crowd I ascended the stage and went behind the scenes. In a moment I was surrounded by the manager and those members of the company who were not engaged in acting. Wherever my eye rested I beheld some grotesque figure. Here were men dressed like women, having small shoes attached to the soles of their own. There stood others dressed in the curious but rich costumes of the most ancient dynasties, even so far back as the time of the three Kings and five Emperors, the earliest period spoken of in Chinese history. Young men made old by long beards, &c., women, priests, beggars, and high mandarins, all came flocking round me, offering a seat and some tea, and all very anxious to know who and what I was. Our conversation was somewhat as follows—"What's your name?" "My name is Mo," I replied.—"Where do you live?" "At the great south gate."—"What business are you engaged in?" "None."—"Indeed! how do you get some rice then?" "My own countrymen present me with money."—"Oh! then you are a beggar?" "Yes, living in the country of Jesus, who inclines the hearts of His people to send me here to teach the Chinese how they may be saved."—"Ah! Jesus must be excellent. Who is He?" "The Son of God, who came down from heaven, led a life of sorrow, and was nailed to a cross, in order to atone for our sins, and to bring us to heaven." Here several endeavoured to change the conversation; but he who was apparently the manager took me aside, made me sit down beside him, and, having

commanded silence, said, "You speak about going to heaven?" "Yes, in order to enjoy everlasting happiness."—"But how can we get there?" "By repenting of your sins and believing in Jesus."—"Do *all* foreigners believe in Jesus?" "Alas! no: many are mere professors."—"Ah! strange! it must be good to believe in Jesus. Do foreigners smoke opium?" "No." After some further conversation, I gave them some copies of the Ten Commandments, and took my leave, inviting them all to come to my house. The manager came to me after a few days had passed, and told me that he wished very much to be delivered from his slavery to opium. I asked him why he wished to be cured of opium-smoking. He answered, "Because it is too expensive." I endeavoured to point out to him the insufficiency of such a motive, and told him that we should forsake our sins from love to Jesus. He seemed most anxious to get away from his enemy, but he could not summon up resolution enough to go and reside in an hospital for a short time in order to be cured. He asked me, among other questions, whether, in case he should become a disciple of Jesus, he must also wear a foreign dress like mine. I told him that Jesus required a change of heart, not a change of dress, in His people. He several times expressed a wish to come frequently, and to be instructed previously to being baptized; but I could see plainly that he was halting between two opinions. After a long conversation he went away, and I have not seen him since.



#### A HALF-CROWN AND ITS HISTORY.

A CLERICAL friend of the Society writes—

A girl of 13 years of age, the daughter of a poor widow who is entirely dependent for her support upon what she earns at needlework, was very much struck with the accounts she read of the cruelties practised toward female infants in China and India.

After pondering the matter for some time, and making it the subject of prayer, it occurred to her that, young as she was, she might yet, by contributing something to the cause of Missions, be instrumental in rescuing some of these unhappy children, and bringing them within the sphere of Missionary teaching. But how to do it was the question. She had no money, and during almost the entire day her time was occupied in assisting her mother at her employ-

ment. She therefore resolved—and this without informing even her mother, who was a pious woman, of her intention—to rise every morning one hour earlier, and to devote her little gains during that hour to the Missionary cause.

This plan she steadily pursued for some months, when an unlooked-for difficulty arose in her mind. She had two little brothers at School, depending, like herself, upon her mother's earnings; and she began to doubt whether it was right in God's sight to dispose of her own earnings, even in the cause of Missions, while her brothers needed help so much. By this difficulty she was for some time very sorely perplexed; but, as before, she carried it to God in prayer. The result was, her perfect conviction that her doing what she could for Missions was according to the will of God; inasmuch as her brothers were able to read the Word of the Lord at their School, while the poor children of the Heathen were quite destitute of any Word of God to read. She now, therefore, cheerfully continues her previous plan; and, though very unwilling that any one should know it, has remitted her earnings, 2s. 6d., to the Church Missionary Society. The Minister of the parish quite accidentally became acquainted with the above facts, which he has transmitted to the Society.



#### INTERESTING DEATH-BED LEGACY.

SINCE our last Number we have received the following Letter from the Rev. Henry Du Puy, Chaplain to the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton—

I enclose the sum of seven shillings and sixpence as a donation, or legacy, from Jane Stratton.

This trifling donation may perhaps derive value from the interesting character of the donor. Jane Stratton became an inmate of the Hospital for Consumption at Brompton some months since, and died very recently in that Institution at the early age of twenty-three. She was a most consistent Christian, of meek and grateful disposition, delighting in the Word of God and in prayer. Her reliance on the blood and righteousness of Jesus was most simple and entire, and every thing in her outward conduct evidenced the indwelling of that principle which the Lord and Giver of life alone can impart. She died in perfect peace; and in forwarding the enclosed I fulfil her earnest and dying request, that all the money she possessed should be devoted to the cause of the Church Missionary Society.

## BETTER GOLD.

From California's distant shore  
 Tumultuous cries of joy are heard :  
 Above the ocean's ceaseless roar  
 They rise aloft, and hearts are stirr'd,  
 And men resolve to journey there  
 An heritage of joy to share.

On California's shore is found  
 Something which men intensely prize—  
 Gold ! gold ! 'Tis scattered on the ground :  
 Its glitt'ring spangles meet their eyes.  
 And the earth yields, in countless grains,  
 The wondrous treasure it contains.

And eager men are busy there ;  
 A toilsome life content to bear,  
 And loneliness and want endure,  
 If ills like these may wealth secure.  
 With quantities of gold in sight,  
 Fatigue is welcome, labour light.

Yet gold is perishable dust :  
 Its love, a base, ignoble lust—  
 Immortal souls ! in *these* we see  
 Fragments of immortality ;  
 And, when from sin's dominion freed,  
 Imperishable gold indeed !

By mountain torrents wash'd away,  
 And buried in the sand and clay,  
 Gold hidden lies. Thus souls interr'd  
 Where Gospel truth is never heard,  
 Their excellence of price unknown,  
 As worthless things aside are thrown.

And are there none to seek for these  
 O'er mountain range and stormy seas ?  
 None ready for the toil, if so  
 Souls may be sav'd from sin and woe,  
 And golden fragments brought to light  
 From the deep pit of heathen night ?

Yes ! here are objects *worth* the cost  
 Of earthly joys, though such be lost ;  
 Well worth the pain, the ceaseless strife,  
 The willing sacrifice of life,  
 If souls redeem'd from sin and shame  
 Be the rich guerdon of the same.



# CHURCH MISSIONARY GLENER.

No. 4.

APRIL, 1849.

VOL. IX.

## MISSIONARY CONFLICT.

*(Concluded from p. 27 of our last Number.)*

THE Church Missionary Society has gone forward on its mission of love, amidst much conflict of mind on the part of all who are engaged in it—the Missionaries, as we have shown in our last Number, and also the friends who are occupied in the management of its affairs at home. Their position is often one of much difficulty. On the one hand, uncertain means—an income now rising a little, then diminishing more than it had previously increased; on the other hand, an immense work, of steady growth, of yearly increase, and then the effort to adapt the inadequate means to the increasing work—new and inviting opportunities for good presenting themselves, the desire to improve them, and then the remembrance that the state of the funds will not permit it—what conflict is here! And when our increasing Congregations, our rising Churches in distant lands, require an increase of Pastors, and from all directions the cry is heard, “Give us more help, more labourers;” and the men, such men as are needed for the work, are slow to come forward, or, if willing to go forth, cannot be sent from want of means—what conflict of spirit is here! How many tears must it not cost to be obliged to do that which is most painful, and leave undone that which is most anxiously desired! Yet the secret of the Society’s strength has been in its trials. They have sent its members and officers to prayer. Their cry has been, Lord, give more means, more men, more room to act. Do with us as with the Apostles, when, as they lay bound in prison, the angel of the Lord opened the prison doors, and brought them forth and said, “Go stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life.” So loose these bonds, and speak the word, that great may be the company of preachers,

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But "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy." So it has been; so, by the blessing of God, it will be still more. The Missionary in many a field of labour may look around on the ripening promise and say, "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." In visiting the dying Christian of Tinnevely or Sierra Leone, once a dark idolater, without God, and without hope, he finds the picture reversed; and the friends at home, who share his labours, are permitted also to share his joy. He who went forth weeping, bearing precious seed, is seen coming again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him.



#### NATIVE-FEMALE EDUCATION IN INDIA.

IF we wish to form a correct idea of the condition of the Hindoos, we must look within their homes. Within the circle of a Christian home we have the happiest proofs of the benign influence of the Gospel—softening temper, restraining selfishness, and uniting the various members of the family in affectionate intercourse. So, if we wish to see the evil influence which heathenism exercises, we must look within the circle of the Hindoo's home, if home it can be called.

The very appearance of his house is uninviting: the bare walls and bare floor seem strange and comfortless. The numberless little ornaments and conveniences with which an Englishman seeks to furnish his home, and which are so many proofs of his attachment to it, are altogether wanting. The house of the Hindoo is not so much his *home*, as a place to sleep in, and a shelter from the heat and rain. There is no family circle, no social board, around which happy parents and happy children meet. Heathenism is there, and heathenism chills all. The father sits alone on the floor, and eats in silence. The wife is there, but she sits not with him as his companion: she waits on him as his slave, and, when he has finished his meal, takes what he leaves.

The poor Hindoo woman claims our pity, for she is the victim of studied neglect. At her birth there is

no joy. When a son is born it is otherwise ; but the birth of a daughter is *endured*, and no more. Her body grows ; but, except in the knowledge of evil, there is no growth of mind. The education of girls is discouraged among the Natives of India. They say that women are so vicious, that to educate them would be the same as if you gave milk to a serpent: it would be more venomous. There is only one class of native females in India, who, under the influence of native customs, learn to read and write—the unhappy class of depraved females in the temples, who are known by the name of dancing-girls.

Still, however degraded, the females of India, as in other countries, exercise a most important influence as wives on their husbands, but still more as mothers over their children. There is no greater blessing than a good mother: there is no greater misfortune than an ignorant and depraved one. How often does it not happen that her vices are transmitted to her children—nay, perhaps her children's children. The Christian education of the native female of India is therefore of first importance. It is only as this is done that the nation itself can be improved.

In our last Number we gave an account of some efforts which are being made on behalf of widows in India. We now present some specimens of what is doing in our Native-Female Schools.

In this, as in other features of the work, the Tinnevely Mission presents an encouraging aspect. By the last Report we find that we have no fewer than 1838 girls under instruction in our Tinnevely Female Schools—a large number, when we consider the strong prejudices which have existed on the subject. Many of these girls are supported by the contributions of English Christians. These gifts of Christian love are forwarded through a kind friend in England to whatever School may be selected by the contributor, and are applied to the support of one or more native girls in the Boarding or Day-schools. The testimony of our Missionaries' wives as to the good effects produced by

the operation of these Schools is highly interesting. It not only enables us to realize the gradual progress of this difficult, yet most important work, but presents the wife of the Missionary in her appropriate character, as a most valuable help to her husband, and as exercising a most happy influence on the native female. We therefore subjoin some extracts from their Letters.

Mrs. Pettitt, in a Letter dated Palamcottah, June 1844, says—

P— is the most promising child I have. She is about twelve years old, and is the child of pious parents, who have lately been in very trying circumstances. They were called to give up two very sweet children within a week of each other, both being carried off by fever. One of them, a little girl of six years old, had set her heart on coming to School, and was to have been received in the course of a few weeks; but in the mean time she and her little brother, four years old, were taken to their Saviour's bosom—both, in their dying moments, telling their parents not to grieve, for they were going home, to be with their Saviour for ever. While I could scarcely speak to the parents for grief, they were praising God for His wonderful goodness to their little ones, whose removal had nevertheless left their house desolate, the other children being with us at the School. The more we see of the great advantages derived by those girls who have learned in our Schools, the more we are anxious to bring the whole female population under the influence of Christian training.

P— still lives, and, although young, has drank deeply of this world's sorrows. About two years ago she was married to a Catechist, and lost both her husband and child within a twelvemonth. Under these heavy bereavements she has shown a very delightful Christian spirit. We now pass on to a Letter from Mrs. J. T. Tucker, dated Panneivilei, August 1845—

You would be delighted to have the opportunity of visiting the Christian villages of Tinnevely, and to see those who once worshipped devils now apparently serving God with all their hearts. Were you to enter a village in which part of the people were Christian and part Heathen, you would soon perceive the difference, by the smiles on the

countenances, and the modest yet independent behaviour, of the Christian women. By God's blessing, many of these poor creatures have learned to know Him whom to know is eternal life. Still, their total want of education keeps them extremely ignorant and superstitious, and it is that makes us so anxious to establish Schools for the children of the Converts.

In another Letter Mrs. Tucker adds—

The girls gave us a great deal of trouble at first; but now appear really to enjoy coming, and I trust the instruction they receive may be blessed to them. The Shanars\* are generally very unwilling to send their children to School. The only occupation of the women being to carry water, and prepare their husbands' food, the mother thinks it very unnecessary for her daughters to learn more than she herself knows; but this prejudice is gradually giving way. A young woman from one of our village Schools was last week married to a member of another Congregation in the district. She is a very superior girl, and we have reason to hope she is a true child of God. Her husband, too, we believe to be a truly good man. He has suffered much for the Gospel's sake. Persons like these scattered about the district would, with God's blessing, prove a great means of spreading Gospel Truth.

We reserve further communications on the subject for a future Number.



#### DEATH OF A PIOUS HINDOO WOMAN.

IN the Report of the Benares Provincial Church Missionary Association for the Year ending September 30, 1848, we find the following interesting notice from the pen of the Rev. C. B. Leupolt—

While we have to lament the decline of some, and the fall of others, and have to sow the good seed in tears, we now and then also reap with joy. Many of our people are truly pious, and, with the exception of a few, all walk, outwardly at least, agreeably to the Gospel. Among the persons who died we had an affecting case. I will just copy a

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\* An industrious, hard-working race, reckoned among the lowest caste of Hindoos, called the Soodras.

few lines on this subject from my Journal—"This morning poor Martha breathed her last. She had been ill for some time. Her husband was poor. In consequence of our having been obliged to give up the carpet manufacture, he had to learn a new trade, and could of course for some time earn nothing. His wife being ill, and their child ill, they were supported from the Poor Fund. The woman suffered from consumption. From the first attack she recovered, but under the second she sunk. I visited her frequently, and conversed and prayed with her. Last night she was very weak, and seemed to be dying very fast. She was grateful for the care which we took of her. This morning I was again called over. I found Mr. Broadway with her, and some of the people at prayers. Poor Martha was dying, and she felt it. Unable to speak, she looked at me. She wanted something, but I could not make out what it was. She moved her hand several times toward me. Mr. Broadway said, 'She seems desirous of taking your hand,' and so it was. She could no more speak; yet she wished to express once more her gratitude to me. When I took her hand she again looked at me: it was a grateful dying look. From me her eye glanced at her poor little babe. I understood her meaning. One more tear started from her withered eye. It was the last. When I had placed her hand back, she shut her eyes, her lips moved, and scarcely had I reached my bungalow when I was told that she had ceased to breathe. Her end was peace."



#### THE BARTICA-GROVE SCHOOLS, BRITISH GUIANA.

THE following extract from a Letter of Mrs. Bernau, dated Sept. 16, 1847, will be interesting to those friends who kindly contributed the articles to which she refers—

We have lately heard from our Christian friends in George Town, Demerara, the result of the sale, for the benefit of the Schools in this place, of the fancy articles so kindly provided by the friends of Missions in England. The Rev. W. Fox, the Minister of Christ Church, kindly lent his school-room for the occasion for three days, some friends in the town also supplying refreshments, and others decorating the room with flowers. The amount realized

was 459 dollars (nearly 100*l.* sterling), including the sale of clothing among the Indians, of which there is still much in hand, which they purchase from time to time.

Mr. Bernau also requests me to take this opportunity of mentioning, that the Church clock, for which he received such a liberal subscription in England, is now telling us in audible tones of the rapid flight of time. It appears to interest the Indian children much, whom I observe generally counting the hour during the morning and evening expositions of Scripture in the School-house.

We add some extracts from a Letter of Miss Dawson's, the lady who is in charge of the Girls' School, dated June 27, 1848. She writes—

To state that some of the girls now read the Scriptures as fluently as many English children; that not a few of them are making rapid progress in writing; that several of them work remarkably neat with their needle; are facts which, at the first glance, may not appear to be very striking to one living among those whose naturally superior capacities forbid their being brought into comparison with the race now claiming our attention. But when we call to mind the degraded condition in which the Indian children have been nourished, and in which their earliest years have been spent; the want of restraint, or rather the unbounded license allowed them; their frequent ailments of body, which cannot fail to be a great hinderance to their progress in every respect; and when, notwithstanding all this, our eyes are relieved, and our hearts cheered, by beholding an assembly of neat orderly girls, engaged in singing with sweet voices the praises of that God with whose name they have but lately been made acquainted, may we not trust that this pleasing exterior is the fruit of a seed which has taken deeper root than we are at present privileged to know? May it not be questioned whether any thing short of religious influence could have produced the happy—is it too much to say *wonderful*—result alluded to? We would therefore humbly hope that the Great Husbandman will be pleased to further His work by “pulling down the strongholds” of pride and indolence—the chief characteristics of the Indian—“which exalt themselves against the knowledge of God.”

Their indolence would probably, from their naturally filthy habits, be intolerable, but for their love—not handed down to them by their parents—of bathing in the river

#### 44 THE BARTICA-GROVE SCHOOLS, BRITISH GUIANA.

which flows along the Mission premises: it follows, that at a very early age they can swim well.

Their natural reserve, accompanied not unfrequently by obstinacy, of which they have a large portion, is also very trying to those who are anxious to see their minds improving; for they rarely answer a question, be it repeated ever so many times. Even in this particular, however, they are improving by degrees; and from a circumstance which took place on Christmas Eve we are encouraged to hope that they know more than we at first thought. The magic lantern was then shown them, as a treat, by their indulgent Minister, when we had the gratification of observing, by the quickness with which they recognised the various scripture characters, and by the conversation held among themselves, that they were tolerably versed in Scripture History.

In arithmetic their deficiency is painful. After much plodding for many months, a few have at length attained to three columns only of simple addition. In this, however, we take courage also, remembering the length of time they spent in learning their notes, and having now the pleasure of hearing them sing in parts, very passably, several airs. To guard against discouragement, it is necessary to remember their excessive indolence in every thing, whether relating to body or mind. Geography they appear to like.

I must not omit to speak of their very pretty manner of expressing themselves when repeating a message—it is rare for them to accost any one of their own accord. Considering their ignorance of the rules of grammar, this is not unworthy of notice: their correctness is, I think, astonishing.

I cannot, in justice to the dear Indian girls, refrain from giving them the character of being tractable, and very peaceable. Seldom does a quarrel take place among them, and they are free from many vices which are to be found in other Schools. Lying and stealing, although they occasionally occur, are by no means common. At times they show some degree of attachment for those who are engaged in promoting their welfare. We cannot but regret that many of them have entered School at so advanced an age as scarcely to be capable of making much progress in learning. As, however, the salvation of their souls is the only object really worth labouring for, we desire in faith to sow the seed in the evening, as well as in the morning of their youth, humbly trusting they shall both prosper, and be



found alike good in that day, when all that now lies hid shall be revealed.



## HINDOO FESTIVAL AT TRIMBUCK.

TRIMBUCK is a sacred place at the sources of the Godavery, a river which is considered very holy by the Hindoos of Central India, who call it Gunga Godavery, or simply Gunga. It rises in the chain of mountains called the Western Ghauts, about 70 miles N. E. of Bombay, and, extending nearly across India, after a course of 850 miles falls into the Bay of Bengal. At Trimbuck the Hindoos celebrate a festival once in twelve years, and for generations poor deluded multitudes have been in the habit of coming from all parts of India, to bathe at the appointed season in the sacred stream, and wash away their sins.

The following account of this festival, as recently celebrated, may help us to realize the pitiable condition of the Hindoos, and arouse us to more earnest prayer and effort for their deliverance. It is extracted from the Bombay "Church Missionary Record" for December 1848.

The village of Trimbuck lies in a romantic spot, and is almost surrounded by hills. In the time of the Peshwa\* there was a strong hill fort here, which was kept up for some time by the British. The source of the Godavery is near the top of the hill; and throughout the whole day we observed a constant overflowing stream of pilgrims, who were winding their weary way up the side of the hill to the sacred spot. Although, in comparison with former years, the number of pilgrims who have arrived is small, yet thousands must have left their homes and their employments, to undertake this foolish and expensive journey. For many days previous to the great day, the road from Nassuck† to Trimbuck was lined with pilgrims, many of whom were

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\* The title of the late Sovereign of the Southern Mahrattas.

† A large town, and place of pilgrimage, principally inhabited by Brahmins, containing about 30,000 inhabitants. It is the seat and centre of idolatry in Western India, but also, we rejoice to add, a Station of the Church Missionary Society.

women and children. Some, faint and weary, seemed scarcely able to drag their tired limbs after them: others were jogging easily along on their tattoos\*, or sitting in their gadeest†. "Are you not tired?" inquired a passer-by of a venerable pilgrim who was seated by the way side. "Tired! Do you not see my tattoo?" was the reply. "Yes, surely; but what sort of penance do you call this?" The pilgrim's answer was unheard, but we presume he satisfied his conscience by performing the prescribed penance on the spot.‡

It is said that this penance varies according to the sinner's grade. There is a journey of ten kos§ prescribed for the little sinners; while those whose crimes are of deeper dye are required to double the penance, and thus make a pilgrimage of twenty kos round the fort, which is completed on the day that the great ceremony of bathing takes place. The writer was, however, afterward informed, by a respectable Brahmin, that it was not with the idea of performing penance that the pilgrims undertook this tedious journey; but that they regarded the hill as a deity, and walking round it was to be esteemed an act of religious worship paid to it as such. Those who undertook the long journey were of course more favourably regarded by the deity, and obtained an additional load of merit.

This ceremony being ended, about two o' clock, P.M., the Gosavees|| marched from their several encampments to the tank, in procession, with banners flying, and in a state of perfect nudity. It were needless to comment on the disgusting appearance of these filthy brutes, with their matted hair, their cow-dunged bodies, and horribly-distorted countenances: indeed a set of monsters more demon-like in appearance could scarcely be found. The Dhurmsalla¶ which surrounds

\* Rough ponies.

† Carts.

‡ The same individual afterward informed the writer that his journey had cost him above a hundred rupees (about 10*l.* sterling), a large portion of which had no doubt found its way into the purses of the Brahmins.

§ A little better than a mile in this part of India. The measure differs in almost every province, but may be computed as being never under a mile, nor more than two miles.

|| Religious mendicants.

¶ A caravanserai, or place in which travellers may lodge.

the tank had been crowded throughout the day with pilgrims and spectators; but as the Gosavees approached there was a tremendous rush of pilgrims to the spot, some even leaping from the roof of the Dhurmsalla into the water beneath.

We observed the Begging Brahmins excessively busy in extracting pice\* from the pockets of the poor pilgrims. Each collected as many pilgrims as could conveniently stand around him, and then recited a muntra† with the utmost rapidity. Whether the Brahmin himself understood what he was saying is doubtful; but it is quite certain that the majority of the pilgrims could not understand him.

It was a painful sight to witness so many hundreds of the poor Hindoos thus deceiving themselves, and being deceived; literally "spending their money for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not." O when shall the Gospel utter her voice? When shall the blast of the sweet-toned trumpet be heard sounding over the hills, and re-echoed through the spacious valleys, of Hindostan—calling her millions, not to painful and wearisome journeys, not to the performance of idolatrous ceremonies, but to Christ, to peace, to happiness, and to heaven? "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound."

R.



#### CIRCULATION OF MAHOMEDAN AND HINDOO SACRED BOOKS.

WE take the following remarkable statement from "Allen's Indian Mail," March 5, 1849—

At the 30th Anniversary of the Bombay Auxiliary Bible Society, presided over by the Bishop, on the 4th of January, it was announced that the Mahomedans and Hindoos, in imitation of the example of the Bible Society, have begun to avail themselves of the press to multiply, at a cheap rate, their sacred books. Until very lately, neither the Korân nor any of the sacred works of the Hindoos had been printed, and manuscript copies were of course both scarce and expensive. A wealthy Mahomedan, however, some few years ago, determined upon following in the steps of our Bible and Tract Societies, and got up an edition of the Korân, with a running commentary. The thing was found to suc-

\* Small coin. A pice is about equal to half a farthing of our money.

† Charm, incantation, prayer, invocation.

ceed, and the same work has since run through several editions: 12,000 copies are said to have been distributed in this way during the last few years. The Hindoos, also, have been committing to the press some of their theological works. About 8000 copies of the principal of their sacred books are represented to have been thus put into circulation.



## CHILLIANWALLAH.\*

Hark to the roar  
 On Jhelum's shore  
 Of battle fiercely raging—  
 The tangled rout,  
 The furious shout  
 Of host with host engaging!  
 Hark to the sound  
 Of guns around  
 Their iron hail expending—  
 The onward rush,  
 The shock, the crush,  
 Of man with man contending.  
 The earth is red  
 With life-blood shed,  
 The warrior's glory ended;  
 And friend and foe,  
 Alike laid low,  
 Are side by side extended.  
 Saviour and Lord!  
 Thy pow'rful word  
 Can end this tribulation;  
 Bid warfare cease,  
 And welcome peace  
 Dispense to ev'ry nation.  
 Thou who didst still  
 The waves at will,  
 And calm the troubled ocean,  
 Survey the strife  
 Of human life,  
 And stay this wild commotion.  
 Without delay  
 Thy grace display,  
 Till man, with peace delighted,  
 Shall cast aside  
 His wayward pride,  
 And live with man united.

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\* The late battle in the Punjaub.

# CHURCH MISSIONARY GLENER.

No. 5.

MAY, 1847.

VOL. VII.

SOME ACCOUNT OF JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

*(Concluded from p. 39 of our last Number.)*

THE first European vessel that ever reached Japan was a Portuguese ship, which was driven on that coast by a storm in 1542. The Roman-Catholic Missionaries, immediately availing themselves of the communication thus opened with a previously-unknown country, proceeded thither in considerable numbers, with St. Francois Xavier at their head; and, enjoying complete toleration for upward of 100 years, succeeded in proselyting to the corrupt form of Christianity which they introduced hundreds of thousands of the Japanese. Eventually, the Roman-Catholic Converts beginning to interfere in the government of the country, an unsuccessful insurrection on their part entailed on them a violent persecution; and all who refused to trample on the sign of Romanism, a figure of the Virgin carrying in her arms the infant Saviour, were put to death. With a constancy worthy of a purer faith, numbers were content to die, until the Japanese, weary of slaughter, imprisoned the remainder, annually proposing to them liberation from severe labour and wretched fare, on condition of their submitting to the above test, and thus expressing their abhorrence and renunciation of Christianity. This custom is still continued among them; and even bed-ridden invalids, and infants, are made to touch the picture with their feet.

As a reward to the Dutch for their assistance in subduing the Roman-Catholic rebels, they have ever since been permitted to occupy a factory at Derima. In this little isle, a few yards distant from the main land, they are shut up; the Japanese preventing all intercourse, except of that very limited kind which is permitted for

F

commercial purposes. With the exception of this one Dutch and one Chinese factory, Japan, since 1640, has been entirely closed against all foreigners. With Rome rests the crime of prejudicing the millions of Japan against all that bears the name of Christian.

In 1810 a Russian frigate, commanded by Captain Golownin, was sent to explore the Japanese seas. This officer, having been induced to land without the usual precautions, was seized by the Japanese, with several other of his officers and crew. They were bound very tightly with cords, which caused them much pain; yet in other respects they were not without evidences of a kindly disposition on the part of the islanders. When tired with walking, they offered to carry them. When gnats and flies settled on them, they were ready to drive them away. When the tightness of the cords caused chafing, they carefully rolled rags round the injured part, and their captives were regularly and plentifully supplied with food. After two years' imprisonment they were liberated, Golownin, on his departure, being charged with a written document, warning the Russians against any further efforts to obtain that which could not be conceded—permission to trade with Japan.

A more recent attempt to communicate with Japan was made by the Rev. C. Gutzlaff, in 1837. A Japanese vessel was driven on the American coast, near the mouth of the Colombia, in 1831; and only three of the crew, fourteen in number, were saved. These strangers were eventually brought under Mr. Gutzlaff's roof, and, by their assistance, a Tract, setting forth the pure truths of the Gospel, was composed in their native language. Eventually, in July 1837, Mr. Gutzlaff sailed from Macao to Japan, for the purpose of restoring the poor men to their country and friends, hoping that this act of kindness on the part of foreigners might produce a similar feeling on the part of the Japanese. The ship steered for the bay of Yeddo, and, after a short intercourse with the native boats, was unceremoniously fired upon. A similar repulse awaited them in the bay of Kago-

simas; and after various ineffectual efforts to hold friendly intercourse with the islanders, they were obliged to take the Japanese sailors back with them to Macao.

Japan, then, is still quite shut up. Yet shall it open. There the Gospel shall be preached. By what means the existing obstructions shall be removed, we know not; but the purpose of God's love shall be accomplished toward this, as well as other branches of the family of man, and redeemed sinners from Japan join the great multitude, from among all nations, that shall stand before the throne. May fervent prayers on behalf of these islands ascend before the Throne of Grace, until the Divine Saviour, opening Japan in answer to the supplications of His people, shall say to His Church, *Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it.*



#### INTELLIGENCE FROM THE EAST-AFRICA MISSION — OCCUPATION OF NEW RABBAY.

IN our Number for April 1846 we gave an account of the proceedings of the Rev. Dr. Krapf, on the eastern coast of Africa, and mentioned that the Rev. J. Rebmann had sailed from this country to join him. Since that time the health of Dr. Krapf has seriously failed; but it has pleased God in a great measure to restore him. He has been engaged, as usual, in visiting the neighbourhood of Mombas, and taking even long journeys, with a view to ascertain the best locality for a permanent Station, and to gather such information as might be useful to himself and Mr. Rebmann in the prosecution of their Missionary labours. He has also been so indefatigably employed in translating the New Testament into the Sooahelee language, that nearly the whole of that blessed volume has been completed. Mr. Rebmann arrived at Mombas on the 10th of June last, and shortly afterward both the Missionaries visited the Wonica Chiefs of New Rabbay to obtain from them permission to settle at the village. This

permission was at once given, and the Missionaries returned to Mombas. Shortly afterward they were both attacked by fever; but having partially recovered, they started from Mombas on the 22d of August. The account of their journey and reception is contained in a Letter from Dr. Krapf dated Sept. the 20th, which was written on his knees in a dark cottage. He says—

The Chiefs of New Rabbay appointed the 25th as the day on which they wished to receive us. When I arose in the morning of the 25th I felt the fever rapidly coming on; but I would not give way to apprehensions, nor delay our departure. The cold stage of the fever had already commenced when we started, and I was shivering in a high degree; but I said, in my heart, The Mission must be commenced; and should death or life result to me, I can now have no regard to sickness whatever. Mr. Rebmann also felt so weak, that he thought he should not be able to walk all the way. We therefore agreed to relieve one another by riding the ass which we had with us. Having tried for a while, however, to walk, I was obliged to give it up, and to ride for the remainder of the journey. Brother Rebmann was thus compelled to travel entirely on foot. With great difficulty, and suffering violent pain, I ascended the steep mount on which New Rabbay is situated. I think that scarcely any other Mission can have been commenced in greater weakness; but it should be so in our case, in order that we should not glory in ourselves, and that our successors might remember under what circumstances this Mission was begun. The Lord pleased to try us, whether we would love our own comforts and lives more than His cause and glory. No natural eye can see or understand this plan. Everybody would have thought us to be mad; but we know that no truly divine work has ever been, nor ever will be, accomplished, unless the human agency through which it is carried out has passed through many and great tribulations.

On our arrival at the village the Chiefs received us in a very friendly manner. After they had kindly given me rest for a few hours' sleep, they assembled in order to welcome us again, and to appoint the day when the house should be built. It was arranged that on the 27th the first



materials for building should be collected. This was done; but so slowly, that we soon perceived the great delay which would take place. Of course we could not expect that Heathens, who have not yet been instructed in the Gospel, should act toward us disinterestedly. We cannot expect *the fruits of the Spirit* from a heathen tree; but the Wonicas behaved themselves throughout very friendly and properly.

On the 16th of September we had the great joy to see our cottage covered, and thus that part of the work which the Wonicas were to perform was over. It is now our task to plaster the walls with clay, and to make all such improvements as we may think necessary for our comfort. The house consists entirely of wood: its length is 24 feet, and its breadth nearly 18. The spot on which it stands commands an extensive view, especially to the East. The mount is about 1000 or 1200 feet above the level of the sea and the air is much superior to that of Mombas: we felt that our health had improved even a few days after our arrival.

Since I have been here I have not had a fever attack of any consequence. Brother Rebmann also finds his bodily health improved since his arrival. I must, however, remark, that the hard labour which devolved upon us in building, contributed to improve our health. We had to quarry large stones, to cut our timber—in fact, we had to be everywhere and to do the work ourselves, as the Wonicas, according to their low scale of civilization, would have made every thing crooked and most miserable. I am certain, if you had been able to see our dirty and ragged trousers, the wounds on our hands caused by thorns and the stone—in short, if you had seen our outward appearance, you would not have looked upon us as Reverend Missionaries. But we must stoop to every privation if we wish to do the Lord's work. Notwithstanding, our hearts were joyful in Him, and His Word was to us more precious than at more quiet seasons. We have no doubt that the selfish and worldly mind of the Wonica will cause great obstacles; but we know that the Gospel can conquer all obstacles whatever.

We would most earnestly commend Dr. Krapf and Mr. Rebmann to the prayers of all true Christians. The work upon which they have entered, amidst so

much that is encouraging, is still most arduous. The trials and privations experienced by Dr. Krapf may be permitted, in their new Station, to become common to both. How will they be cheered to know that British Christians bear them upon their hearts before a Throne of Grace, that such trials may be averted, or, if permitted, be sanctified to themselves and to the Mission! They are fully aware of their critical position; but Dr. Krapf, with the holy boldness of a Missionary's faith, exclaims, in concluding his Letter—

Never mind the victims which may fall or suffer in this glorious combat: only carry it forward, until the east and west of Africa be united in the bonds of Christ. Although we may not live so long, yet we shall rejoice in heaven, when the reports shall reach us there, that the successors of the present Committee and their Missionary Labourers have expelled Satan from Africa, *by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony.*



#### RAVAGES OF THE CHOLERA IN THE NELLORE DISTRICT, CEYLON, AND ITS EFFECTS.

WHEN we last noticed the Nellore Mission, in our Number for September 1844, the Rev. W. Adley was the Missionary in charge of it. Last year, however, he was compelled, by the state of his health, to return to this country, the Rev. R. Pargiter undertaking the temporary superintendence of the Mission. In addition to the disadvantage of this change of Missionaries—and however zealous and able a new Missionary may be, he cannot be expected at once fully to occupy the place of his predecessor—it has pleased God to visit the Nellore District with the most fearful ravages of the cholera, which raged for several months, and carried off above one-tenth of the native population around Nellore. Mr. Adley writes, in a Letter dated Feb. 14, 1846—

In many instances nearly whole families have been taken suddenly from life in a few days. One of the school-girls who accompanied Mrs. Adley to the Hills, left at

Jaffna 22 relatives, comprised in two families, of whom only two, a man and a boy, remain. The Girls' Boarding-school at Nellore, and the Seminary at Chundicully, have both been continued, and, with the exception of one or two scholars, who were at home with their friends, all have been mercifully preserved. But few deaths, also, have occurred among the Christians, a remarkable and great mercy, while hundreds of their heathen relatives and friends have been removed. The Day-schools, both English and Tamul, have been entirely broken up. Public works on the roads are discontinued, as also the Offices and Courts of Justice.

The effect of this visitation upon the Heathen appears to have been very calamitous, hardening them in their idolatry, and rather cutting them off from the means of Christian instruction. One only instance is recorded of a Heathen being brought to Christ, under the terror of the cholera. This was a female servant in the family of Thomas Mortimer, a Native Catechist. She recovered from the attack, and became, as far as man could judge, a true and grateful penitent, giving up herself wholly to the Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Adley writes, in the Letter just quoted—

I baptized her and eight others, who were Candidates for the ordinance, on the Lord's-day before I left Nellore—most probably the last from the Heathen to whom I shall administer this sacrament. I was much pleased and satisfied with them all. May the blessed Saviour, in whom they professed their trust, *keep them from falling, and present them faultless before His throne with exceeding joy.*

Accounts of a later date than those of Mr. Adley warrant, however, the hope that, through the overruling grace of God, more extensive good may spring out of the visitation than was at first anticipated. Mr. Pargiter writes, in a Letter dated Sept. 10—

While Heathenism is lying around us, and the minds of the people are kept in a constant state of excitement by the numerous festivals and attractive forms and ceremonies of idolatry, there is much to encourage us to *hold fast our confidence* in the promises of God, and to work with all diligence *while it is day.* A spirit of inquiry prevails to a great extent among the people. Many are thinking upon the

subject of Christianity. The late awful manifestations of the judgments of God upon the land shook the faith of hundreds. They rushed to their temples, presented the most costly offerings they could afford, made the most solemn vows, and appealed importunately to their gods for assistance. *But there was no voice, no help, no relief granted.* The pestilence still carried on its work of destruction. Friends and children were swept away in a moment, and their confidence was shaken.



#### BAPTISM AND DEATH OF A PIOUS NEW-ZEALAND CHIEF.

How must a Missionary Pastor rejoice, when it pleases God to remove a member of his flock, if he be able to entertain a good hope that the change is only from the pastures below to the heavenly fold above. In the present state of New Zealand, this is perhaps peculiarly the case; and we have therefore much pleasure in presenting to our readers the following account from the Journal of the Rev. J. Matthews, of Kaitaia, in the Northern District—

Sept. 23, 1845—I went up Kaitaia valley to see Wareparoa, who is in a dying state, and was much pleased with his conversation. I felt much for him, as he was living alone without a neighbour: he told me, however, that he was not so much alone as when he lived at his other place, where there were more people, for the Natives did not visit him; “but now,” he said, “I am in the way of several Native Teachers, who call upon me and speak a word to me.” The old man used to work to supply us with food when we first came, and has always been very well behaved: he is a Chief from the South, and was captured by the Aupouri, who have been so kind to him that he has never tried to escape. I saw he was near death. He sat up, and said, looking me in the face, “I am drawing toward the evening of life. Christ is the way, and what remains for me but to walk in it?” Knowing that he could not read, I asked if any one had prayers with him. He said, “I have had morning and evening prayers myself, as long as I was able; but now I have to pray a little at a time.” I asked him if he understood what the prayer of the heart was. He replied, “I do.” He then quoted several passages of Scrip-

ture very correctly; one of them being, *The night is far spent, the day is at hand, &c.* He said, "I now remember what Joseph," a Native Teacher, "said to me a long time ago—*Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him.*" He continued, "I remember what you said to me about our bodies being but temporary sheds, made of earth—2 Cor. v. 1." "Yes," I said; "and you are now feeling that the wind takes away one piece of rush and one stick after another, till the shed is no longer habitable." He then repeated the sentence, to show his full assent to it. I spoke to him on the subject of Baptism, if he should live a few days longer, as I wished to visit him again. He said he had long wished to be baptized. On taking leave of him, I reminded him that the great word of the Bible was, *God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life*, and that *Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners*. I was now outside the hut, when he again said, "Christ is *the way*, and what else have I to do but to walk in it?" I was delighted with this repetition of what he had before stated, as I felt assured that he had laid *hold upon the hope set before him* in the Gospel.

Sept. 29—I again went to visit Wareparoa. In the distance I saw a company of people near his hut, Christian Natives, who had assembled to be present at his baptism. On my approach they carried him out, on some clean fern, to the river side; where, after a little conversation with the Native Teacher of the valley, who had visited him in his affliction, and with the dying man, I read the Service, and baptized him, naming him Charles Faulkner. I concluded with the Visitation Service. I believe that the ordinance was made a blessing to him. The Christian Natives present seemed to rejoice much that their old friend was admitted into Christ's "visible Church militant upon earth." I afterward went further up the valley, to see some more sick people; and on my return to Wareparoa I found that Himeona, our old Native Teacher, had come to visit his dying relative, and was praying by his side, using part of the Service for the Visitation of the Sick. Himeona remained with him till he died, and then came to tell us that the day after he was baptized he was praying to God, and at the conclusion of his prayer died instantly.



FORTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHURCH  
MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE Annual Sermon was preached in St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, on Monday Evening, May the 3d, by the Rev. Charles Bridges, M.A., Vicar of Old Newton, Suffolk, from Philippians i. 21, first clause.

The Annual Meeting was held in the Great Room, Exeter Hall, on the following morning, at Ten o'clock. The Right Hon. the Earl of Chichester, President of the Society, was in the Chair. After the Prayer, the Meeting was addressed by the President; after which an Abstract of the Report was read by the Rev. R. Davies, M.A., one of the Secretaries, and the Rev. J. Venn, M.A., Prebendary of Hereford. Resolutions were then moved and seconded by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Winchester, and the Rev. E. Bickersteth, Rector of Watton, Herts; the Rev. F. Jeune, D.C.L., Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, and the Rev. C. Perry, M.A., Bishop designate of Melbourne, Australia; Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., M.P., the Rev. J. S. M. Anderson, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and Preacher of Lincoln's Inn, and the Rev. J. Tucker, B.D., Secretary of the Madras Corresponding Committee; the Rev. G. Smith, M.A., the Society's Missionary from China, and the Rev. J. C. Miller, M.A., Rector of St. Martin's, Birmingham.

At Six o'clock in the evening another Meeting of the Society was held in the same room; when the Chair was occupied by the Most Hon. the Marquess of Cholmondeley, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society. After the Prayer, the Meeting was addressed by the Chairman; after which an Abstract of the Report was read by the Rev. R. Davies. Resolutions were then moved and seconded by J. Labouchere, Esq., and the Rev. E. Hoare, M.A., Incumbent of St. John's, Upper Holloway; the Rev. W. W. Ewbank, M.A., Incumbent of St. George's, Everton, near Liverpool, and the Rev. T. Bartlett, M.A., Rector of Kingstone, near Canterbury, and one of the Society's Association Secretaries; the Rev. J. H. Bernau, the Society's Mis-

sionary from Bartica Grove, British Guiana, and the Rev. C. F. Childe, M.A., Principal of the Society's Institution, Islington. The Meeting was closed by singing the Doxology.

The Collections after the Sermon and Meetings amounted to 300*l.* 13*s.* 7*d.*



#### FINANCIAL POSITION OF THE SOCIETY.

THE following account of the Society's Finances is taken from the Forty-seventh Annual Report of the Committee, which was read at the above Meeting—

The Income of the Society for the last year, from all sources, has risen to an amount exceeding every former year. The amount raised in this country, including the Contributions to the various Special Funds, is 106,398*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.*; and the sums raised and expended in the several Missions of the Society have amounted to 10,429*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.*; making a total of 116,827*l.* 18*s.* 11*d.*, and showing an increase over the former year of 14,369*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* The increase is chiefly owing to the large amount received on account of Legacies during the year; the amount in the former year being 3075*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, and in the past year 14,174*l.* 6*s.* 7*d.*



#### ZEAL OF AN HUMBLE COLLECTOR.

THE Committee of the Church Missionary Society have always felt that especial thanks are due to those kind friends who give their time to the collection, from house to house, of such sums as the parties upon whom they call may be willing to give. Of course the amount so collected will vary, not only according to the zeal of the Collector, but also according to the sphere in which he or she may have the opportunity of labouring. One of the most successful Collectors in behalf of the Society is a lady in the neighbourhood of London, whose annual Contribution sometimes amounts to nearly 50*l.* The following instance, of a much more humble class, will not be thought less interesting. A Clergyman, writing from a village in Somersetshire, says—

I have Quarterly Missionary Meetings in this parish. They are held in my School-room, and, I am thankful to say, are crowded. Many, out of their deep poverty contribute to the good cause. At the conclusion of the last Meeting, one of the School-boys came up to me, and offered me a shilling: he was about nine years of age. I knew that his mother's circumstances were such as not to admit of her giving so large a sum, and I therefore asked how he had obtained the money. He replied, that he was so desirous of doing something for the Missionary cause, that he had gone round to the different farmers in the neighbourhood, and had asked them to give him something. From some he received a penny, from others a halfpenny, from others nothing. However, he contrived to collect the sum of one shilling, and his bright sparkling eyes plainly showed the pleasure which he took in bringing his offering.



LINES ADDRESSED TO THE REV. J. H. BERNAU, ON HIS  
LEAVING FOR BARTICA GROVE, BRITISH GUIANA.

Unquenched be thy spirit, untiring thy frame,  
Since to thee it is given to publish His name:  
Be thou strong in the strength which the Saviour supplies,  
And the pray'rs of thy brethren like incense shall rise.

I've forgotten thy name, but in heaven above  
It is written, remember'd, and watched o'er in love.  
O rejoice, then, that, led forth by His mighty hand,  
Thou'rt permitted once more to leave Britain's lov'd land.

May the gale be propitious that o'er the wide main  
On its wings to thy Station shall bear thee again!  
May thy faith never languish, thy duty ne'er tire!  
May abundance of souls be vouchsafed as thine hire!

Ten years hast thou labour'd, and if it be still  
Ten more, may'st thou labour fulfilling His will:  
Though discouragements rise, and though trials be found,  
In proportion to these *consolations abound*.

And how sweet the sensation, and holy the joy,  
When each talent devoted to God we employ!  
May it ever be thine to experience the same,  
And, by life or by death, to exalt His great name.

Accept, then, the prayer so imperfectly poured  
Forth for thee, and thy cause, at the throne of our Lord.  
And may each one, rememb'ring thy parting request,  
Pray that ever on Bartica blessing may rest.



# **CHURCH MISSIONARY GLENER.**

No. 6.

JUNE, 1849.

VOL. IX.

## **THE CLAIMS OF INDIA.**

THE extent and importance of this field of Missionary labour, and the strong claims which it has, upon English Christians especially, for increased exertion, are strikingly presented in the following extracts from Arthur's "Mission to the Mysore," a work to which we have drawn the attention of our readers in previous Numbers of the "Gleaner"—

It is strange with what coolness even well-informed persons speak and write of the few nations of Europe, as if they constituted the world. True, others are known to exist; but, in the usual thinking of most persons, "all the world" is at peace, when Europe reposes; "all the world" in pangs, when Europe is at war; and Wellington and Napoleon are celebrated "all over the world." Alas! how little is the world of most minds! how far short of the wide, wide field, all over which the hearts of men are throbbing! Far more than half the world have never heard Napoleon's name; far more than half the world neither know nor care what are the relations of our potentates; far more than half the world could not tell you whether Europe is one country or many. We are not a quarter of the world's population; and yet, because we have received from Christianity elements of greatness that lift us above our fellows, we are ready to regard them as but distant retainers of the human family, we only constituting its circle. From the soil of Asia man was formed, in Asia he had his Eden, on a hill in Asia rested the ark that saved him in the day of ruins, in Asia he spent his early years, in Asia he has always had his chief dwelling, and on Asia dropped the blood that bought his ransom. The eye that watches all the world has ever seen in Asia far more hearts beating, far most mothers rejoicing over their newly-born, far most houses

mourning for their dead. If any section of the earth might call itself the world, Asia would be the world: Europe does not contain half so many human hearts. The merchant sees the world where he sees trade, the scholar where he sees readers, the soldier where he sees renown, the man of fashion where he sees refinements, the politician where he sees power, and the unreflecting of all nations see the world in the sphere bounded by their own interests. But when the Christian would see the world, he looks for one thing—**hearts, human hearts!** These are the world to him; these are the seat of conflicts like to his own; these the field on which are decided the issues of eternity, on which is battled the cause of his God. Asia is the largest assemblage of human hearts: thither, then, should the human heart most affectionately turn. The darkness of Asia glooms more hearts than that of all the world beside, and its sunrise will gladden more. While Asia is alien from Christ, more than half the world is far away; but when Asia shall be brought nigh, it will indeed be the fulness of the Gentiles. Asia is Satan's stronghold, and wide and proud is the empire over which he boasts. The lessons of the past, the movements of the present, and the indications of the future, all unite in pointing us, for the key of Asia, to Hindostan. Let it be won to Christ, and it will win the tribes surrounding. And, wonderful providence! the whole of that vast land, from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin, and from the Indus to the Brumhapootra, is open to Christianity. Head of God's ransomed Church! why hast Thou placed before Thy people this yawning door, through which we hear, coming from the valley and shadow of death, the wail of so many souls?

What, then, is India? The region which, of all upon earth, has most affected the history and the habits of every other . . . . the region whence sprang the creeds that even now command the largest number of souls . . . . the region that embraces in her arms a host of human hearts, comprising at least one out of every six that beat, and that, holding them up to the eye of Christian pity, tells her they are all open to her approach, and susceptible of her action.

O that God would give His Church a heart large enough to feel the sublimity of this call! Think, Christians, think on the state of the world. Dream not of the Gospel as already known everywhere. Feel, oh feel, when you pray, that one half of your brethren never heard of your Redeemer.

Bone are they of your bone, flesh of your flesh, conflicting, sighing, bending to the grave, like you ; but crown for their conflicts, comforter in their sighs, hope in their grave, they see none. Think of every land where Satan has his seat, and give to them all a part in your prayers. But, oh, think long on the land where the throne, whose sway you love, has heathen subjects outnumbering sevenfold the Christians of the British isles ! Think long, long on the fact, I belong to an empire where seven to one name not the Name that is life to me ! Think that yonder, under the rule of your own Queen, a full sixth of Adam's children dwell ! Take a little leisure, and say, Of every six infants, one first sees the light there : To what instruction is it born ? Of every six brides, one offers her vows there : To what affection is she destined ? Of every six families, one spreads its table there : What loves unite their circle ? Of every six widows, one is lamenting there : What consolations will soothe her ? Of every six orphan girls, one is wandering there : What charities will protect her ? Of every six wounded consciences, one is trembling there : What balm, what physician, does it know ? Of every six men that die, one is departing there : What shore is in his eye ?



## MEMOIR OF MRS. O'NEILL,

WIFE OF THE REV. JAMES O'NEILL, OF THE CEYLON MISSION.

THE following particulars of the death of Mrs. O'Neill, wife of our Missionary at Nellore, the Rev. James O'Neill, have been communicated to us by the Rev. J. T. Johnston, Mr. O'Neill's fellow-labourer at Chundicully. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." In a Letter dated Jan. 8, 1849, Mr. Johnston writes—

I have to inform you of the heavy trial which our Mission, and more particularly our dear brother O'Neill, has suffered. His wife was confined of a son on Sunday night, or rather, very early on Monday morning, the 11th of December. Her case at first did not occasion uneasiness ; but as the after circumstances did not go on as they should, the danger became imminent. All the means used failed ;

and the result was, that our beloved sister was at length exhausted, and on Saturday the 16th, at half-past twelve o'clock, she gently breathed her spirit into her Redeemer's bosom.

The shock of this sudden bereavement was, as you may imagine, intense. Her poor husband was almost overcome. Indeed, it is hard to say how acutely we feel our loss, and the loss to the Mission. This is not an ordinary one, as those who knew her qualifications—particularly her disposition, and quiet, unostentatious, deep, devotional spirit—will well understand. But why should we dwell on the loss to us, when the gain to her is so great! What a sermon did our dear dying friend preach to us, within two or three hours of her death! It was a time to be had in remembrance. At her own request, made under a full conviction of her danger, early on Saturday morning we united around her bedside in prayer, that she might realize more of the presence of Jesus. And as soon as the cold perspiration on her hands appeared, she said to our dear American sister Spaulding\*—who watched her from Tuesday till her death with all a mother's tenderness and care—when wiping it from her hands, "Ah! I know what this means. But a mighty Friend is near! a mighty Friend is very near!" or words of a similar import.

As her end more evidently approached, she expressed a wish to speak with the girls of the first class in the Boarding-school, whom she had much instructed, and in whom she felt the liveliest interest. With their Matron they entered the room; and as the dear patient clasped the hand of each in hers, and, with a vivacity which clearly evidenced her full possession of every faculty of the mind, addressed words of counsel, admonition, or reproof, as the peculiar character and disposition of each required—a sweet smile, peculiar to herself, lighting up her countenance—it was indeed hard for us to think that death was so near. Her household then were called for by her, and, beginning at the head servant, she went through the list, cautioning and advising them, if they wished to die happily as she was, to lay hold of Jesus Christ as their only Saviour. The two senior Catechists were next exhorted,

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\* Wife of the Rev. L. Spaulding, American Missionary at Oodooville.

and words of consolation offered to her poor distressed husband, and at the same time there was a most extraordinary display of confidence in God as to her little children. "For these, my dear children," she said, "I have no care. I was left an orphan when four years old, and God took care of me. He will also take care of them." This she repeated several times. After having thus spoken to all connected with her, and to some others around, she sank into a state of unconsciousness. The application of means was still carried on, and we were privileged again to witness returning consciousness. She had been altogether unaware of all that had been done during the interval between cessation of speaking and this revival; and her first exclamation was, "I do not know what you have been doing with me, but I am so happy, so very, very happy!" This she repeated with such lively feeling, and so much emphasis, her face smiling sweetly as she spoke, that it astonished me. At first I was almost inclined to doubt whether she was sensible or not of what she said; but her perfect remembrance of all that had been said before—her reasons for wishing so especially to speak to the people—her perfect recognition of all present—her mention of the names of Mrs. Johnston and Mrs. Pargiter, who were both absent through illness, and her inquiries after them—her again desiring to impress her head servant with the duty of giving heed to his soul's interest—and now, having spoken to all who could understand and profit by what she said, her desire to kiss her dear children once more, and again and again exclaiming, "I am so happy, so very happy! I never thought it was so pleasant to die"—all these things quite clearly proved, that, in expressing her joy, she knew and felt what she said. Indeed I, and I think all around felt the same, never saw such a death-bed.

Surely with such a testimony to the truth of the Gospel, and so gracious a fulfilment of the Saviour's promises at that moment of nature's greatest extremity, we should be encouraged and admonished to "hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering," to the end. The circumstance has, I trust and believe, made a very deep impression generally, for wherever known she was loved. The simple narrative of her peaceful end at our English Service, on the Lord's-day evening after her burial in the morning, was

apparently felt by all, even by those who were not expected to possess much spiritual sensibility; and the manner in which the event has been spoken of, leads to the hope, that, as her death was to herself infinite gain, so it may be a means, by the blessing of God our Saviour, of leading others to draw of that fountain of joy which she found so satisfying. I venture to send you these impressions of a truly devoted and very efficient Labourer. She was one of that sort which is always needed—humble, zealous, unaffected, and full of love; but, in all her movements, guided by a rare exercise of discretion and judgment. The blank her departure has made in our little circle, only they, who, like ourselves, are accustomed to find their enjoyment in that little circle, know; and while we cannot but rejoice on her account, yet, so deeply is the loss felt, that we almost invariably revert to it, and, perhaps, lament too much on account of it. Our dear brother, whom this affliction has knit more closely than ever to our hearts' warmest love and sympathy, sustains his loss as well as may be hoped for. His only ground of consolation is the never-failing Word of Truth.



#### NATIVE-FEMALE EDUCATION IN INDIA.

THE following Letter, continuing the series commenced in our Number for April, presents a pleasing view of the progress of this important work in the Tinnevelly Mission, and the interest taken by the children under instruction in the celebration of the Jubilee. It is from Mrs. Stephen Hobbs, and is dated Satankoolam, Dec. 3, 1848—

The Satankoolam School is still increasing. I believe there is not a child of Christian parents in the whole village, above four years old, who does not come to me for at least part of the day, and nearly all of them are with me from sunrise to sunset. I think I mentioned to you that I was anxious to get the children of three villages, within two miles of Satankoolam, to come to me in the same way. Those from Amallavongoody, eleven in number, immediately came; but I have not till now been able to persuade the others. Indeed, the funds were so low, that I feared to

press the subject, as I am of course obliged to supply them with food during the day. Lately, however, six have been brought to me, with a very earnest request that I would receive them. One is the daughter of our poor widow Santhai, who hitherto would not part with her child, even to go to the School in her own village. Another, not more than four years old, is the daughter of an interesting young woman, whose husband has lately died. We often visited him during his illness, and hope that he really sought his Saviour. Two others, little heathen girls of the village, came to me a few days ago to be taken in. They have no mother, and their father is apparently dying. The eldest child, it seems, begged her father to allow her to come, and has persuaded her grandmother to join the Congregation. The only other heathen child in the School is N——, who has since been the means of her whole family becoming Christians. Her father had been a devil-worshipper, but died, we hope, a penitent.

We are longing to get accounts of the Jubilee Commemoration from home, and you will like to hear of it from us. It was indeed a season long to be remembered. My dear husband had Service here on the morning of Nov. 1, and I never remember to have witnessed any thing more interesting and affecting. Our little Church was more than full; but not a sound was heard except the hearty responses of the people as they were reminded of the privileges, one after one, that our gracious God had conferred upon them in sending them the Gospel. They listened with equal attention to that part of the Sermon, in which their duties and responsibilities were laid before them. We wished some of our Christian friends at home could have heard us join in singing the Hymns composed for the occasion, and in the prayer written by Mr. Tucker, all of which had been translated into Tamul. I cannot say that we have collected much money for the Jubilee Fund; but our people are all very poor, and had just given all they could to our new Church. I never, however, saw them give with more cheerfulness. We have taken great pains to impress on them, that we do not wish to levy contributions as the Heathen do, and that only such gifts as they bring joyfully will be acceptable to God. Most of the women have given the profits of a day's spinning—a half-

penny—at least. The widows, without exception, did so, and were so careful to make me understand that their offering was voluntary. “We give,” they said, “only a little; but we beg you not to refuse it, for indeed we give it joyfully.”

My dear school-girls had, I knew, been desirous of doing something for the Jubilee Fund; but I left them in the hope that some plan might suggest itself to their own minds, when one day Miss Giberne sent me a betel-bag, made by her girls, to ask me to sell it for them. I took it to mine, who were at work in the verandah, and asked them if any one would buy it. “Yes,” they said; and immediately showed it to a person who was standing in the garden, who gave them an anna for it—three half-pence. They then asked whether they could not do some work of this kind, and sell it for the Jubilee Fund; but it would take so many pieces, they had not liked to ask before. I gave them some odds and ends, and in a few days they brought a number of little bags, priced from a farthing to twopence each. These they soon sold, and then set about making jackets, petticoats, &c. They have thus earned 16s., and have given it to Mr. Hobbs for the Jubilee Fund. They have also asked me to allow them to work for two hours on Saturday afternoon—their holiday—for charitable purposes.



#### NORTH-AMERICAN INDIANS—THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

IT is of the utmost consequence that we should have correct views of the state of the Heathen, and the many evils under which they labour. Convinced that their need is urgent, we should, then, be more earnest and undelaying in our efforts to send to them that glorious Gospel which carries with it the “promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.” The condition of those tribes of the “Red Man” who wander through the forests and over the plains of the more northern parts of the great American continent, is graphically sketched by the pen of Mr. R. M. Bal-



lantyne, in the following passages selected from his work on Hudson's Bay, &c., extracts from which were also given in our last Number—

The aborigines of North America are divided into a great number of nations or tribes, differing, not only in outward appearance, but also in customs and modes of life, and, in some instances, entertaining for each other a bitter and implacable hatred.

To describe the leading peculiarities of some of these tribes, particularly those called Crees, will be my object in the present chapter.

Some of the tribes are known by the following names—Crees, Seauteaux, Stone Indians, Sioux, Blackfeet, Chipewyans, Slave Indians, Crows, Flatheads, &c. Of these, the Crees are the quietest, and most inoffensive: they inhabit the woody country surrounding Hudson's Bay; dwell in tents; never go to war; and spend their time in trapping, shooting, and fishing. The Seauteaux are similar to the Crees in many respects, and inhabit the country further in the interior. The Stone Indians, Sioux, Blackfeet, Slave Indians, Crows, and Flatheads, inhabit the vast plains and forests in the interior of America, on the east and west of the Rocky Mountains, and live chiefly by the produce of the chase. Their country swarms with bisons, and varieties of deer, bears, &c., which they hunt, shoot, snare, and kill in various ways. Some of these tribes are well supplied with horses, with which they hunt the buffalo. This is a wild, inspiring chase, and the Natives are very fond of it. They use the gun a good deal, but prefer the bow and arrow—in the use of which they are very expert—for the chase, and reserve the gun for warfare, many of them being constantly engaged in skirmishing with their enemies. As the Crees were the Indians with whom I had the most intercourse, I shall endeavour to describe my old friends more at length.

The personal appearance of the men of this tribe is not bad. Although they have not the bold, daring carriage of the wilder tribes, yet they have active-looking figures, fine intelligent countenances, and a peculiar brightness in their dark eyes, which, from a constant habit of looking around them while travelling through the woods, are seldom for a

moment at rest. Their jet-black hair generally hangs in straight matted locks over their shoulders, sometimes ornamented with beads and pieces of metal, and occasionally with a few partridge feathers; but they seldom wear a hat or cap of any kind—except in winter, when they make clumsy imitations of foraging caps with furs—preferring, if the weather be warm, to go about without any head-dress at all, or, if it be cold, using the large hood of their capotes as a covering. They are thin, wiry men, not generally very muscular in their proportions, but yet capable of enduring great fatigue. Their average height is about five feet five inches; and one rarely meets with individuals varying much from this average, nor with deformed people, among them. The step of a Cree Indian is much longer than that of a European, owing, probably, to his being so much accustomed to walking through swamps and forests, where it is necessary to take long strides. This peculiarity becomes apparent when an Indian arrives at a fort, and walks along the hard ground inside the walls with the trader, whose short, bustling, active step, contrasts oddly with the long, solemn, ostrich-like stride of the savage; which, however appropriate in the woods, is certainly strange and ungraceful on a good road.

The summer dress of the Indian is almost entirely provided for him by the Hudson's-Bay Company: it consists chiefly of a blue or grey cloth, or else a blanket capote reaching below the knee, made much too loose for the figure, and strapped round the waist with a scarlet or crimson worsted belt. A very coarse blue striped cotton shirt is all the under clothing they wear, holding trousers to be quite superfluous; in lieu of which they make leggings of various kinds of cloth, which reach from a few inches above the knee down to the ankle. These leggings are sometimes very tastefully decorated with bead-work, particularly those of the women, and are provided with flaps or wings on either side, which have a pretty and novel appearance.

This costume, however, is slightly varied in winter. The blanket or cloth capote is then laid aside for one of smoked red deer-skin, which has very much the appearance of chamois leather. This is lined with flannel, or some other thick, warm substance, and edged with fur—more for

ornament, however, than warmth—of different kinds. Fingerless mittens, with a place for the thumb, are also adopted; and shoes or moccasins of the same soft material. The moccasins are very beautiful, fitting the feet as tightly as a glove, and are tastefully ornamented with dyed porcupine quills and silk thread of various colours, at which work the women are particularly skilful. As the leather of the moccasin is very thin,\* blanket and flannel socks are worn underneath—one, two, or even four pairs, according to the degree of cold; and in proportion as these socks are increased in number, the moccasin of course loses its elegant appearance.

The Indian women are not so good-looking as the men. They have an awkward, slouching gait, and a downcast look—arising, probably, from the rude treatment they experience from their husbands; for the North-American Indians, like all other savages, make complete drudges of their women, obliging them to do all the laborious and dirty work, while they reserve the pleasures of the chase for themselves.

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Their dress is a gown, made without sleeves, and very scanty in the skirt, of coarse blue or green cloth: it reaches down to a little under the knee, below which their limbs are cased in leggings beautifully ornamented. Their whole costume, however, like that of the men, is almost always hid from sight by a thick blanket, without which the Indian seldom ventures abroad. The women usually make the top of the blanket answer the purpose of a head-dress; but when they wish to appear very much to advantage, they put on the cap, consisting of a square piece of blue cloth, profusely decorated with different-coloured beads, and merely sewed up at the top.

(To be continued)

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\* Many people at home have asked me how such *thin things* can keep out the wet of the snow. The reader must bear in mind that the snow, for nearly seven months, is not even *damp* for five minutes, so constant is the frost. When it becomes wet in spring, Europeans adopt ordinary English shoes, and Indians do not mind the wet.

ON HEARING ALL PRESENT JOIN IN THE DOXOLOGY AT  
THE CLOSE OF A CHURCH MISSIONARY MEETING IN  
CORNWALL.

So shall it be, when round the throne of God  
The countless multitude shall stand,  
Clad in salvation's spotless robe,  
With palms of triumph in their hand ;  
When, gathered out of every land,  
From every region of the globe,  
By human footstep trod,  
Their ransomed spirits shall unite to raise  
The hymn of universal praise,  
And each of the assembled throng  
Shall swell, with heart and voice, the glad triumphal song.

So shall it be ! It is a thought  
With brightly-glowing prospects fraught.  
It nerves our sinking heart and hand,  
It kindles with new fire our slumbering zeal,  
It makes our cold and narrow soul expand,  
And freshened ardour feel  
To further on, as best we can,  
The glorious and stupendous plan ;  
To speed the joyful tidings forth  
To the far south, the distant north ;  
To gather, from the east and west,  
The heathen millions still unblest ;  
To bid earth's idol tribes arise  
And swell the chorus of the skies ;  
To hasten on the promised day,  
When crime shall vanish, and oppression cease,  
When Heaven's one law of love all hearts shall sway,  
And all be peace.  
When Zion's ransomed sons and daughters  
Their full-toned harmonies shall pour,  
Loud as the voice of many waters,  
Upon the better Canaan's shore.

O Lord ! regard our earnest prayer  
That *we* may not be wanting there !

J.

# CHURCH MISSIONARY GLENER.

No. 7.

JULY, 1849.

VOL. IX.

## A PLEA FOR THE HEATHEN.

THERE are two descriptions of poverty to be met with in our world—temporal and spiritual. Temporal poverty has its claims upon us; but the poverty of the soul pleads far more forcibly for relief. He who is poor in the things of this life may still be rich toward God; but he who is spiritually destitute is poor, although the world may have poured its treasures at his feet; and therefore, if the poor victim of famine, with wan cheek and sunken eye, claims commiseration at our hands, much more the man who is destitute of all which can afford salvation to the soul. Of those who are poor and needy in this sense the world is full. The extremity of need under which they labour is rendered more overwhelming by their vast numbers. Wherever we turn, we see these spiritually poor—multitudes on multitudes. Europe, Africa, Asia, America, the Isles of the Sea—all is alike the same: the famine of the bread of life spreads fearfully over our world.

Poor, indeed, the unevangelized nations of our earth may be called, for they know not God. For God, man was created; and in nearness to God, and in communion with God, the energies and affections of the soul were intended to find a suitable object on which they might expand. He is considered poor in this world who is destitute of that which suffices for his necessities; but they are poor in a more important sense who are devoid of that which can alone dispense life and peace, and joy and gladness, to the soul. The Heathen have no means of grace, no light of revelation, no rich opportunities from whence they may obtain supplies. Their religious systems are characterized by the extreme of

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spiritual poverty. There is nothing there that can satisfy the soul. The God of Scripture is a sin-hating God, yet at the same time very pitiful and of tender mercy. The gods of the heathen are vicious gods. They are supposed to connive at sin; they are imagined to be themselves stained with it, to be loved and honoured by the commission of it; yet are they cruel and vindictive gods. Hence that miserable combination of character, which we find in the Heathen, of cruelty and licentiousness. The hand of the heathen fashions and carves the idol which he worships, and his dark mind invests it with a character. The workmanship of his hand is generally some hideously-distorted thing, but not so hideous as the sin of which it is considered to be the representation: and as the man worships the forbidding personification of his vice, his whole character becomes hideous and distorted like it.

In groping after an object of worship, there is, on the part of the Heathen, an acknowledgment of something superior to themselves, and they erect an altar "to the unknown god." But this conviction produces only dread, and they seek, in various ways of self-inflicted suffering, to avert the wrath of which they are apprehensive. They give their first-born for their transgression—the fruit of their body for the sin of their soul. They come to bathe in the waters of the Ganges. There, on its bank, may be seen the thronging multitudes of infatuated beings. They know they are unclean, yet they know not the fountain for uncleanness; and they come to the Ganges in their need, as if the waters in which they wash their bodies could afford purification to the soul. Yet, amidst his ablutions and idol-feasts and sacrifices, the worshipper is not made perfect as pertaining to the conscience. The craving of his soul after something on which it may rest itself, and find relief and peace, remains unsatisfied. He seeks water, and there is none. He wanders through a wilderness, destitute of every spiritual opportunity, seeking for that which he cannot describe, and knows not where to find. Instances are on record of

individuals, in the poverty of heathenism, passing years of their life in unceasing acts of the most painful austerity. Over the vast range of continental India the Hindoo devotee pursues his toilsome way; Gungutree, the source of the Ganges, Juggernaut, Madura in the Tinnevelly district, are visited in succession by these poor needy wanderers, seeking that which they cannot find; and the millions of the Heathen pass their lives under the bondage of superstitious terrors, from which they find a temporary respite in the wild excitement of licentiousness, and in frantic scenes of revenge and blood.

Oh, let us endeavour to form just conceptions of the great misery of the Heathen, that our sympathies may be kindled on their behalf! Realize the destitution of one heathen soul. Place before you one of these poor sinners, and, as you survey his wretchedness, let him plead with you for the rest. Behold him, a heathen Lazarus, covered with sores, the ulcerated sores of sin: "they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment." A stranger from the covenant of promise, he has no hope, and is without God in the world. How can it be otherwise? How can they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent? and how shall they be sent, except through the united, self-denying efforts of professing Christians? Alas! how many are there in heathen lands, who have heard a little—just enough to make them long for more—and who desire to be fed with the crumbs of our abundance!

And why should it be so? Why should the people starve when there is abundance of corn in the land? Why should the world be destitute when ample provision has been made for its supply, and the Lord, of His goodness, has prepared for the poor; when He has made "unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined?" It is said, "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him:" how

much more guilty the man, who, so far as in him lies, by his neglect and indifference holds back the bread of life from perishing sinners."

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CHRISTIAN SCHOOL AT NINGPO FOR THE EDUCATION  
OF CHINESE FEMALES.

WHEN, in the year 1845, the present Bishop of Victoria visited Ningpo, he found there an English lady, who, from her own independent resources, was making a praiseworthy effort to impart the benefits of a Christian education to about twenty female children. In carrying out this benevolent object, Miss Aldersey has had much to contend with. The Chinese, unable to understand her unselfish conduct, ascribed to her the worst motives. Sometimes she found it necessary to open, for the inspection of her poor visitors, every room in the house, to satisfy them that no foreigner resided there. Gradually, however, she won her way, and has now gained the confidence of the people in her more immediate neighbourhood, although, in distant parts, they have many ridiculous fears and suspicions. Among other absurd reports, it is said that she receives children in order to pick out their eyes, which she sends to her friends in England as a most valuable present—all English people having blue eyes, with which of course it is impossible to see!

The following interesting account, by Miss Aldersey, of the trials and steadfastness of one of her pupils, is taken from the Monthly Paper, for May last, of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East—a most valuable Institution, from which Miss Aldersey is now receiving support in meeting the increased expenses of her Schools, and which we strongly recommend to the sympathy and prayers of our Christian friends.

*Ningpo, July 19, 1848.*

Our gracious Master is pleased to cheer me, under present circumstances of slight indisposition, by indications of His presence and blessing, which I have so long looked and prayed for. There is a little girl who, on occasion of her father's dying two years ago, refused to partake of an



idolatrous meal, which her mother had prepared for herself and family. The mother was much annoyed, but San Avong—the name of the child referred to—was firm. I was not very sanguine about the refusal, in so young a child, to partake of the offerings made to her deceased father. I have, however, from time to time, been surprised at the amount of knowledge she exhibited of Christian doctrine and Scripture narrative, and with the measure of interest which the knowledge so diligently stored in her mind seemed to imply. To my great pleasure I found, a few months ago, that she was in the habit of praying with several of her schoolfellows, and exhorting them to consider their lost estate. This dear child is to be married at the end of three months—she is only twelve years of age—but she assures me, whatever the treatment may be which she shall receive from her relatives, she will not—the grace of God enabling her to stand—conform to any idolatrous customs, or omit to keep holy the Sabbath-day.

*Oct. 25, 1848.*

I wrote to you in June, giving you an account of the hopeful appearances there were in our School, in reference to the influence of the sacred truths we are come to disseminate. The interest awakened was greatly through the instrumentality of a little girl of twelve years of age, of the name of San Avong; and although much of the feeling over which we rejoice has subsided, with respect to the greater number, I think it is more and more manifest that San Avong has indeed been enabled by the Holy Spirit to put forth her hand of faith, and take hold of the hope set before her in the Gospel.

It was arranged for her to be married in the present month. In anticipation of the time fixed for her leaving me, my Christian man-servant, seeing how much she was in earnest in the pursuit of her course Sionward, proposed that the mother of the child and her intended husband should come to my house, and hear from the child her solemn determination not to conform to the idolatrous rites of a Chinese wedding. Ayen, my faithful man-servant, suggested the desirableness of their being married according to the Christian mode; I engaging to give a little present to the bridegroom toward a feast, a week or two after the wedding, when there would be no temptation to any observance of an idolatrous kind. The man consented, and they were married

by our Pastor, Mr. Culbertson, last Monday. A further arrangement was made, viz. that she should be allowed to spend every Sunday with us; but on Wednesday my young people, with four of the elder girls, went to the bridegroom's house, where they found the dear child greatly harassed by the conduct of the neighbours, and the elder female relatives of her husband. They crowded in upon her like bees. She informed her visitors—my young people—that she was not regarded as married, but that her new relatives had fixed an early hour on the Sabbath for the usual rites. San Avong assured the neighbours she would take no part in such rites; that she had worshipped the great God of heaven and earth at her marriage solemnized by Mr. Culbertson; and now they might be sure she would not worship deceased ancestors. A relative of the husband called yesterday, remarking, in all her life she never saw such a child. The woman said, "We railed at her and scolded her, but all that she would do was to hold her head on her hand, and quietly tell us she would not submit to an idolatrous rite." Happily she has no mother-in-law; but the women said, "We will send for your own mother, that she may beat you." She replied, "How can my mother beat me? It was my mother who took me to Miss Aldersey's School, and bade me listen to her instructions. I have listened to them, and am now acting them out." The woman, referred to above, came in order to assure me that I need have no anxieties about San Avong, as all had now made up their minds to let the child have her own way. The very circumstance of this woman walking a mile to give me this information, made me suspect the truth of it. Ayen, the servant, is therefore spending the whole of this day, Saturday the 28th, at the house: he will sleep there, or close by, and bring her to-morrow, according to agreement, to pass its sacred hours with me. This occurrence gave occasion to Ayen's calling at the house some days ago, when he explained, to the many people who had assembled, that San Avong's refusal to worship ancestors, &c., was not the effect of whim or caprice, but arose from a sense of duty to the great Maker of all things. He then told them something of the religion of Jesus, and has taken books with him, and will talk to them again to-day. I will leave off here, in order to add a few lines on Monday.

*(To be continued.)*

A MISSIONARY'S JOURNEY INTO THE MOUNTAINOUS  
INTERIOR OF NEW ZEALAND.

THE average extent of a district in New Zealand, assigned, with all its duties, secular and spiritual, to the charge of a single Missionary, is larger than an English diocese. Over this the native population is widely scattered, and the Missionary is continually obliged to undertake long and fatiguing journeys in visiting the various tribes and villages placed under his care, the Native Catechists and Congregations requiring continual superintendence: as a Chief, in conversation with Archdeacon Brown, remarked—"We are very much like bullocks: if we are yoked frequently we are tractable; if left long without the yoke, we run wild.

Of one of these journeys, and the hardships and privations attendant on it, we present the following specimen, selected from the Rev. W. Colenso's Journal—

*Feb. 15, 1847*—Rose this morning before five, struck tent, held prayers, and started at six. At eight, halted by the side of a stream to roast a few potatoes for breakfast. At nine we resumed our journey, when our misery commenced: no track; steep hills, over which the fires of the Natives had recently swept, leaving nothing but charred sticks, and ashes, and prostrate trees; the sun most fervent; and no water. My ankle, too, was excessively painful. In the course of the day's travel, I found some old dark-coloured rain-water in a hole in a tawai (beech) tree, which, bad as it was, we considered nectar. At three p.m. we gained the edge of Taupo Plains, where was the dwelling-place of an old Native called Hona, who lamented most pathetically that he had not a single scrap of food to give us. This made all my lads, not to say myself, very spiritless. However, we kept on, and shortly met Hona's wife returning to their dwelling-place with a basket of potatoes, none of which, though ripe, were larger than marbles. I never saw such potatoes before: they call them "kanehe." The woman very kindly shared them with us, and we were glad enough to get them. We now concluded to make the attempt to cross the great plain this evening, which we did, gaining Ohineriu on the opposite side, where alone was fire-wood, in about an hour after dark, all hands being quite worn out.

*Feb. 16*—Rose most unwillingly at five, and started at six. Travelled three hours, when we halted to breakfast near the head of the river Mohaka, which is here a small stream with deliciously clear cold water. We were soon on our legs again, and at noon crossed Wai Haruru, a stream which suddenly disappears through a dark and awful chasm of unknown depth, roaring as it bounds away, causing the earth to vibrate, as it were, round about for some distance. Over this natural bridge, which is rent asunder at the top, the road lies. The country round has a most desolate appearance, and is covered with volcanic remains. I had some difficulty in keeping up the spirits of my party, especially during a heavy uphill march of three or four miles toward evening; but, through unwearied exertion, we reached Orona, a village on the shores of Taupo Lake, about sunset, weary and faint with hunger. The majority of the Natives were absent. The few whom we found received us kindly. I was obliged to request the Native Monitor of the place, the Teacher being absent, to hold Service.

*Feb. 19*—Rose early, and crossed the head of the Waikato River, which here has its rise, being the outlet of Rotoaira Lake. Our course lay by the base of Tongariro. Travelled two hours, when we halted to breakfast. At four P.M. we crossed Te Onetapu, a desolate arid plain of volcanic sand, about two miles wide, on which nothing whatever grew, and on which many logs of charcoal lay scattered and imbedded, doubtless the fruits of the fiery eruption which some ages ago ran down over these parts from the neighbouring volcano. On the edges of this solitary and fearful-looking spot a lovely and fine Gentian flourished, one of the handsomest of the New-Zealand flowers. Rain overtook us here: we were weary and wet; but night setting in, and no appearance of either water or shelter, we were obliged to keep on. At last we halted, at seven P.M., by the side of a small wood in a deep gully, where we were obliged to level a spot for the tent ere we could pitch it. Not a scrap of fern or brush could we find to form a bed with, the whole face of the country having been recently swept over by the Natives' fires, presenting a most dismal appearance. At night the wind blew a perfect hurricane, accompanied with drenching rain. My poor Natives sought shelter around the roots and trunks of trees in the wood, the tent being too small to contain them. Our

great fear, however, was, that the wind might change, and so the rain be turned into snow, which is much dreaded in these parts, a party of seventy men having, on one occasion, lost their lives through being overtaken by a snow storm near where we now were. Tongariro is a large rambling mountain, having its old crater much worn and broken. Its new crater is a high and steep cone, closely resembling some views of Vesuvius, from which plenty of smoke and steam escaped. There was no snow at present on it, yet on Te Ruapehu and Paratelaingtona—two contiguous broken eminences of the same high range—there was a great profusion.

*Feb. 20*—A dirty, louring morning, with furious wind. We consulted how to act, and concluded to remain in our present uncomfortable situation, there being no shelter whatever on the many miles of open blackened heaths which lay before us—to-morrow, too, being Sunday—and Patea, our guide told us, at more than a long day's journey from us. Spent a miserable day, cold, wet, hungry, &c.

*Feb. 21 : Lord's-day*—Still the same weather. Held a short Service, and read a few chapters with my Natives ; after which gave out two cupfuls of rice for breakfast, and two for supper, between six. Evening, assembled again from our holes for Service.

*Feb. 22*—Started this morning at six. Frost very heavy, insomuch that we could scarcely pack up the tent. Very cold. At half-past nine we reached the River Moeawango, where we breakfasted on a few potatoes which we had purposely reserved. Hence, on, on, on, during the whole day, up and down steep hills. Some berries which I found on the heights, with four raw potatoes, were of great service. Our only guide lagged behind through faintness from hunger. We travelled on until two hours after sunset, when we all sunk down. After some little time I made a fire, and my lad James found a few kouka trees, the soft branches of which we roasted and devoured.

*Feb. 23*—A melancholy night—all too much tired to sleep, and none knowing how far we still were from Patea, and thinking on the bleaching bones of a man which we passed last evening in the wood, where he had perished through cold and hunger in a snow storm, although a native of Patea. While thus moodily musing, our guide made his appearance, somewhat refreshed with sleep and cold water ; and learning from him that the nearest of the

Patea villages was not far off, I sent him on before to procure a supply of food to be cooked ready for us against we should come up. At six we started, and in two hours were welcomed into a little village containing only two huts, where we found a feast awaiting us, in two large iron pots of hot cooked potatoes.

Our friends will rejoice to know that two Missionaries will soon sail for New Zealand, to strengthen the hands of our brethren in that interesting but laborious Mission.



#### NORTH-AMERICAN INDIANS—THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

WE continue, from Mr. Ballantyne's work on Hudson's Bay, the passages which are descriptive of the manners and customs of these wandering tribes.

These primitive children of the forest live in tents of deer-skin or bark, and sometimes, where these are scarce, of branches of trees. They are conically shaped, and are constructed thus: The Indian and his family—probably two wives, and three or four children—arrive in their bark canoe at a pretty level spot, sheltered from the north wind, and conveniently situated on the banks of a small stream, where the fish are plentiful, and pine branches, or brush, for the floor of his tent, abundant. Here he runs his canoe ashore, and carries his goods and chattels up the bank. His first business is, to cut a number of long poles, and tie three of them at the top, spreading them out in the form of a tripod. He then piles all the other poles round these, at half a foot distance from each other, and thus incloses a circle of nearly fifteen or twenty feet in diameter. Over the poles—if he is a good hunter, and has plenty of deer-skins—he spreads the skin tent, leaving an opening at the top for the egress of the smoke. If the tent be a birch-bark one, he has it in separate rolls, which are spread over the poles till the whole is covered. A small opening is left, facing the river or lake, which serves for a doorway; and this is covered with an old blanket, a piece of deer-skin, or, in some instances, by bison-skin or buffalo robe. The floor is covered with a layer of small pine branches, which serve for carpet and mattress; and in the centre is placed the wood fire, which, when blazing brightly, gives a warmth and comfort to the slight habitation that could scarcely be believed. Here the Indian spends a few days or weeks, according to

the amount of game in the vicinity; and then removes to some other place, carrying with him the covering of the tent, but leaving the poles standing, as they would be cumbersome to carry in his small canoe, and thousands can be had at every place where he may wish to land.

The Indian canoe is an exceedingly light and graceful little craft, and well adapted for travelling in through a wild country, where the rivers are obstructed by long rapids, waterfalls, and shallows. It is so light that one man can easily carry it on his shoulders over the land, when a waterfall obstructs his progress; and as it only sinks about four or six inches in the water, few places are too shallow to float it. The birch bark of which it is made is about a quarter of an inch thick, and the inside is lined with extremely thin flakes of wood, over which a number of light timbers are driven, to give strength and tightness to the machine. In this frail bark, which generally measures about twelve or fifteen feet long, and from two to three feet broad in the middle, a whole Indian family, of eight or ten souls, will travel hundreds of miles over rivers and lakes innumerable; now floating swiftly down a foaming rapid, and anon gliding over the surface of a quiet lake, or *making a portage* over land when a rapid is too dangerous to descend; and, while the elders of the family assist in carrying the canoe, the youngsters run about plucking berries, and the shaggy little curs, one or two of which are possessed by every Indian family, search for food, or bask in the sun at the foot of the baby's cradle, which stands bolt upright against a tree, while the child gazes upon all these operations with serene indifference.

(*To be continued.*)



#### LABRADOR AND ITS MISSIONARIES.

THE following passage, extracted from the "Periodical Accounts" of the Moravian Brethren for March last, will help us to form a just conception of the circumstances in which Christian Missionaries are placed amidst the dreary regions of the extreme North.

*From Hopedale, Labrador.*

Our little son, who has now attained his second year, gives us much pleasure; but as parents can procure no assistance here for the care of their children, my time is at present fully occupied. It is a trying circumstance, that,

during the nine winter months, the children should be confined to the narrow dwelling-room of their parents, in which the latter must sleep, receive visits from the Esquimaux, hold the monthly individual speaking, in short, perform whatever business can be transacted in doors. Even in Greenland the cold is not half so piercing, nor half so long continued, as with us.

LINES ON READING THE ABOVE.

Little do English Christians know  
 How many a want *they* undergo,  
 Who, to the distant tribes of man,  
 Proclaim Salvation's wondrous plan.  
 On Greenland's uninviting shore,  
 Or the bleak coast of Labrador,  
 Where winter leaves the summer's sun  
 A shortened interval to run,  
 There, distant far from home and friends,  
 The faithful Missionary spends  
 His life, content unknown to be,  
 If not forgotten, Lord, by Thee.  
 Stern winter, with resistless pow'r,  
 Bends to his yoke each passing hour,  
 Fetters the ocean with his chain,  
 And rules supreme o'er hill and plain.  
 Close in his narrow hut immur'd—  
 Hunger and cold alike endur'd  
 Most patiently—the native lights  
 His moss-trimm'd lamp: the lengthen'd nights  
 Are thus reliev'd—'tis his to read  
 Of One, whose love is great indeed!  
 He learns to prize a Saviour's grace,  
 To seek a better resting-place;  
 A glorious light, a hope from heav'n,  
 To cheer his lonely lot is giv'n;  
 A sufferer oft, privation near,  
 His consolation still is here;  
 Pois'd on the stormy ocean's wave,  
 He recollects there's One can save;  
 Plung'd in the deep abyss below,  
 'Tis his a Saviour's pow'r to know;  
 And when all other hope is past,  
 This hope sustains his soul at last.  
 Bless'd are the faithful men, who part  
 From all that round the human heart  
 Most closely clings, a Saviour's name  
 In these chill regions to proclaim;  
 Willing the Natives' woes to share,  
 His wants to feel, his lot to bear,  
 That he may hear of Christ and heav'n,  
 Of fears remov'd, and sins forgiv'n.



# CHURCH MISSIONARY GLENER.

No. 8.

AUGUST, 1849.

VOL. IX.

## THE GOOD OF MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

OF what use are Missionary Meetings? This is a question sometimes heard, and to which it may be well to give an answer. In this paper, therefore, we propose, as briefly as possible, to explain the good which a parish may receive from well-conducted Missionary Meetings.

It is a part of the service which we owe to our Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, to seek the conversion of all who are strangers to Him, as well those that are such at home, as the many in distant lands who are in ignorance of His name. It is a common thing for persons who stand aloof from Missionary efforts to urge the claims of home, in opposition to those of the Mahomedans and Heathen in other lands, and to say, How can you call upon us to give our time and money to supply the spiritual wants of strangers, when there is so much to be done at home? Has not home a prior claim upon us? True, but it has not an exclusive one. True Christian charity will begin at home, but it will work out from thence, as from a centre, and describe, as it has opportunity, an enlarging circle of usefulness, within which it will seek to bring all who stand in need of help. This is the spirit of the Gospel—"Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near." We may not say, I see so many around me in need of all the efforts I can make, that I cannot turn aside to give my thoughts to the millions in distant lands that are without light and without hope. "This ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." Let Christian energy have its centre at home, but let it gladly embrace every opportunity of "holding forth the Word of Life" to "them that are afar off upon

the sea ;" like the divine Saviour, who, although a minister of the circumcision for the truth of God, came also that the Gentiles might glorify God for His mercy, and who permitted the poor Syro-phenician woman, when she pleaded so touchingly that even the dogs were suffered to eat of the crumbs, to receive the blessing which she sought. Christian exertion will not become less—it will be increased—by our doing so. It will become the more earnest, the more enlarged the object it embraces. It is God's will the Heathen should be remembered ; and if we honour His will in this respect, He will cause a larger portion of His blessing to rest upon the work at home.

But if something must be done for the Heathen, then interest can neither be excited nor kept alive without Missionary Meetings. Christians must meet together for mutual edification, to instruct and animate one another, to provoke one another to love and good works. The information given, and the sympathy awakened, at such Meetings, are, to *those at home*, most beneficial. The interest which they feel about others is reflected back on themselves ; and, as professing Christians at home listen to the marvellous works of the Lord among the Heathen, they are led to ask themselves, Has the Gospel exercised the same happy influence on me ? The glass is held up before the man, and, when he least expects it, he sees his own face in it, and discovers that of which he had been thoughtless—his own unprofitableness in the midst of every opportunity. Missionary Meetings to send the Gospel abroad, deepen the work at home. They send the Gospel forward, and they reflect it backward. They are as good for the home-born, as they are for the stranger-born ; and the influence of the Gospel is increased among ourselves, by the very means we use to give it to others. To the careless and unawakened they suggest serious thought ; to the Lord's people they afford edification : they quicken to intercessory prayer, and who has not found prayer for others a most effectual means of obtaining blessings for himself ?

There is in Missionary Meetings a happy tendency to draw us out of the narrow circle of selfishness, and teach us to "look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." What persuasive inducements do they not afford to the exercise of moderation and self-denial, labouring with our own hands, "that we may have to give to him that needeth," and to be, Dorcas-like, "full of good works and alms-deeds!" What parochial Minister will be satisfied to deprive himself of an instrumentality so calculated to promote the best interests of his people? What Congregation will feel otherwise than glad to be brought within the happy and healthful influences of a Missionary Association and its accompanying Meetings? A parish without a Missionary Association is incomplete in its instrumentality for good. May these useful agencies, which are good for home, and good for the Heathen, good for those who profess the name of Jesus, and good for those who are strangers to that name, be multiplied over the face of our land!



#### CHRISTIAN SCHOOL AT NINGPO FOR THE EDUCATION OF CHINESE FEMALES.

WE continue, from p. 78 of our last Number, Miss Aldersey's account of one of her pupils.

*Thursday, Nov. 2, 1848.*

Not finding leisure on Monday, I give you the information, of a later date than that intended, of the dear child, in whose spiritual interest you will, I am sure, be much interested. All appearances were very fair up to the Sabbath-day, when Ayen brought San Avong to School in a palanquin. I observed, however, that the husband's relative, referred to above, came for the child very early. I was thus led to fear that there might be some intention of celebrating the heathen rites of marriage, and therefore directed my embroiderer to accompany San Avong. On their arrival, they found that preparations had indeed been made. They were much displeased by the attendance of my Christian woman, and, without ceremony, drew her aside to the next house, and locked her in, in order to prevent her interference. Three men then

forcibly took poor San Avong, and obliged her, by means of their greater manual strength, to make the usual prostrations in the Hall of Ancestors. The embroiderer tells me she cried most piteously, like one mourning for the dead, "O! Isohwo Am! Embroiderer, have I lost my soul? for I have indeed bowed down to the dead." The dear child, in her confusion, forgot that where the *heart* was not engaged in idolatrous prostrations there was no offence against the one true God. After this sad scene, the embroiderer, was permitted to join her. San Avong said, "I will pray to God, for truly I need strength from Him." She did not kneel in the presence of the crowd, but the embroiderer observed her lips move: she then wiped away her tears, and took her New Testament, and read to the men and women present out of Matthew x., explaining the latter part to them. Her audience were not a little surprised. My young people called on her on Tuesday, and found her looking very poorly: the husband called San Avong aside, and directed her to request her visitors to leave the house—an act considered the height of rudeness. She remarked, on parting, "If we should not meet again on earth, we shall meet in heaven."

*Friday, Nov. 3.*

Yesterday I sent Ayen again to the husband. He made him ashamed of his conduct in the late affair, but he said he was obliged to obey an uncle, who had directed him to take the steps San Avong's Christian friends were regretting. Such, alas! is the domestic tyranny which obtains in this heathen country. Ayen proposed accompanying him to the uncle, which he agreed to; and, after a very long conversation, obtained the promise that San Avong should come to me next Sabbath. This promise, I find, is not likely to be broken. You will judge that the interview will be very interesting to us. She will have the privilege of attending a Chinese religious service early in the morning, with my household—Chinese—of 60 persons, whom I accompany every Sabbath. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper also will be administered in Chinese, at which she will be a spectator, although not yet a member with us.

My expenses, you will judge, are very heavy, with between 60 and 70 persons to provide for daily. My children are going on well: I have now 46. I have not, however, the strength to exert in their behalf I had two years ago.

*Wednesday, Nov. 8.*

You will have heard of the dear child, San Avong: perhaps you will be pleased that her heathen husband has engaged, although with fear, to become the cook of my children's food. He has received the notion that I give medicine to my servants and children, and that thus they become Christians. The man will not allow his little wife to remain with him at present at this house, and my Christian man-servant, Ayen, advises me to appear indifferent; but the husband will stay with us at least for a time, and if he should find us honest folks, and that I have not the power of conjuration, of which he now suspects me, I think it most likely that he will arrange for his wife to come and live here with him. Oh, how delighted would she be again to receive Christian instruction in this house! He says his young wife's conduct is excellent, but that she is so obstinate on the subject of her religion. How delightful, should the husband be induced to hear the truth, and receive, through the Spirit, a saving knowledge of Christ Jesus!

*Tuesday, Nov. 21.*

On Sabbath-day last San Avong came to School, on my sending for her, her husband having given her permission to do so ever since her marriage. On seeing my Christian man, who escorted her hither, she remarked, "I have another trial before me, Ayen, for there is to be a wedding in the family on Tuesday, at which I shall be required to be present, and at the wedding-feast they will, I doubt not, urge me to eat things offered to the ancestors." I trust the prayers offered on her behalf will be answered abundantly, in strengthening her against all temptation.

On Sabbath last, San Avong's husband came to read the portion which I require of all the men-servants. He seemed to think, poor man, that that would be the time for conjuring him into a Christian. My Christian servants and San Avong have been gravely asked, if I had not given them medicine which converted them into Christians. He was much agitated, his fingers could not hold the book quietly, and he made his escape as quickly as possible. He does not at present fall in with the plan of having his wife, San Avong, living with him here; but Ayen hopes that, having secured him, we shall, ere long, obtain the wife also, who will, as you will judge, be delighted to return hither.

*Thursday, Nov. 23.*

I learned yesterday that San Avong's trial would occur in the course of that day, and that it had not happened on Tuesday, as I supposed. I therefore sent Ayen, who is a sort of Great Heart\* to my household, lest she should have to encounter another storm. I was greatly pleased, on Ayen's return, to find that the dear child's family have now ceased to harass her in the way of eating things offered to idols: they say it is manifestly of no use. I further was much gratified on learning that the relatives and neighbours generally say that she is, they find, really a good girl, and they think it must be the religion has made her so, although so obstinate about idolatry.



#### COMMENCEMENT OF NATIVE-FEMALE EDUCATION AT JERUSALEM.

How changed is the city, which men once called the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth! How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! How is she become as a widow! One who has visited Jerusalem says—

It is impossible to describe the loneliness which prevails at almost every part, except in those which are occupied by bazaars. No suburbs—no surrounding busy population—none of the stir and activity of enterprising life is to be seen. Except it be the sound of the muezzin from the minarets, proclaiming the hour of prayer to the followers of the false prophet, you may sit on the hill slopes for an hour together, and not hear the sound of a human voice from that spot which once echoed to the strains of sacred song.

Yet will the Lord in His good pleasure do good unto Jerusalem, and already we are permitted to see symptoms of the coming good. A Christian Church has been built. The laying of its foundation was a most laborious process. Until the solid rock had been reached, no sufficient basis could be found; and to arrive at this it was necessary to penetrate, through the accumulation of many ages, to the depth of 40 feet. This is a sign of the difficulties

\* Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Second Part.

that Christians must be prepared to meet in laying the foundations of the spiritual Church. Such the rubbish-heaps of ignorance and prejudice which must be removed! Nevertheless, the foundation is being laid. The good Bishop Gobat and his Clergy, in earnest prayer and patient perseverance, are employed in doing so, and the head-stone shall yet be brought forth with shoutings of Grace, grace unto it!

A School for affording Christian education to native girls was commenced some time back, and promises to be an instrument of much good. Miss L. Harding, the lady in charge of it, thus speaks, in a Letter dated Dec. 27, 1848, of the examination held at the end of the first year—

Every one was so pleased, and the Bishop so deeply affected, he said, when he contrasted the vacant countenances of the few assembled at the opening, a year ago, with the twenty lively intelligent children now before him, all fixed in attention on the Word of God, from which they were giving, with readiness, texts on the most solemn and important subjects, viz. our fall and our restoration, our loss in Adam and our recovery in Jesus Christ, he was altogether overcome, and his heart yearned solicitously over them all, lest any among them should be found knowing these things only with the lips, and be unimpressed by them unto eternal life. Our children consisted of Jews and Proselytes from many nations under heaven, Coptic and Arabian, with one European, a daughter of the Bishop, a dear little girl, who regularly attends the School. The Bishop said to me in the evening, "When I go to the School, and see you alone with the children, I think all these children are yours; but to-day I could not help feeling, *all these children are mine.*"

But another result likewise followed, of a very encouraging character. Two of the parents, who were present, a Prussian Jew and his wife, were so impressed, though they knew not the language, that they applied for instruction in one of the languages—English or German—which should enable them to join our worship; "for," they said, "we have never seen any thing so serious, so near to God." The Bishop has made arrangements for instructing them.

In a Letter dated April 28, 1849, Miss Harding says—

Since I have been here, I have laboured under the greatest disadvantages for want of a proper School-room, that which we have occupied being, I may say, under ground, and consequently damp, too dark, and not well ventilated. This has been most trying at every season of the year, though I have never before spoken of it, because it was the best the Bishop could get, and we cannot press things here: we must wait until they are opened to us. Now, in the goodness of God, better things are given us: through the kindness of the Jews' Society we have obtained another School-room, and it is most airy, healthy, and commodious. The Bishop is sparing no pains to have it made complete: two rooms are thrown into one, by removing a partition-wall, and there is nearly completed for us a splendid School-room, large, lofty, thoroughly ventilated, and well lighted. I only wish you could see it: I think there is not such another room in Jerusalem as the Bishop has now made for us. I am in great spirits in the joyful anticipation of all the comfort and blessing it may be; for, beside being a noble School-room, it will make such a beautiful room for Prayer-meetings, &c., which has been a thing so altogether required here. Think of us in it, and pray for us that God will make it a little sanctuary of blessing both to Jew and Gentile, both to old and young. But I must describe it further. It stands upon much ground, and is composed of what may properly be called the upper and the lower house, though they stand, not over each other, but upon different ground. From the lower you ascend to the upper by a flight of steps, and the communication between the two is this present noble School-room. Now the lower house is to be the Jewish, where food and every thing Jewish is to be prepared for our little Jewish refugees; and the upper house is to be Gentile, where our boarders, whether Gentile or Proselyte, will reside with myself—though of course my superintendence and care will extend equally over both, as it is, after all, but one house—and the centre of communication between the two, the place where “the middle wall is broken down,” the ground where Jew and Gentile meet together under the glad sound of the Gospel, is our school-room. What an honoured spot! Will you not all pray with us and for us, that here it may be fulfilled in abound-



ing extent and power, "Ye are all one in Christ Jesus"? I wish you could have seen them this week while I taught them—"Through Him [Jesus] we both [Jew and Gentile] have access by one Spirit unto the Father:" Eph. ii. 18. They all—twenty-four, our present number—stood round the room. I asked one, "What are you, little Nasseree?" "Gentile."—"And you, John?" who stood beside him. "Jew."—"And you, Illazhoo?" "Jew."—"And you, Salisim?" "Gentile."—"And you, Isaac?" "Jew."—"And you, Jadros?" "Gentile."—"You, Joshua?" "Jew."—"And you, Johanna?" "Gentile." These all stood side by side, receiving the same instruction. Then I added, "My dear children, here we are all before God, Jew and Gentile, standing together, and there is one way opened to us all by which to come to God: that way is ——?" They all replied, with simultaneous cheerful voice, "Jesus." Could you have seen the smile of childish simplicity and pleasure which pervaded the whole, as they felt they all stood, Jew and Gentile, together, and all had *one way* of access to the Father, you would have seen there is no prejudice in these youthful bosoms, and would have felt with me a thrill of joyful anticipation in our privileged work. It will show you, also, the liberty with which I am permitted to teach at present, no man forbidding me; yet opposition is stirred up, and stirring.



#### NORTH-AMERICAN INDIANS—THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

WE conclude, from p. 83 of our last Number, our extracts from Mr. Ballantyne's work on Hudson's Bay.

Not less elegant and useful than the canoe is the snow-shoe, without which the Indian would be badly off indeed. It is not, as many suppose, used as a kind of skate, with which to slide over the snow, but as a machine to prevent, by its size and breadth, the wearer from sinking into the snow, which is so deep that, without the assistance of the snow-shoe, no one could walk a quarter of a mile through the woods in winter without being utterly exhausted. It is formed of two thin pieces of light wood, tied at both ends, and spread out near the middle; thus making a kind of long oval, the interior of which is filled up with network of deer-skin threads. Strength is given to the frame by placing wooden bars across; and it is fastened

loosely to the foot by a slight line going over the toe. In case, however, it may be supposed that by a shoe I mean an article something the size of a man's foot, it may be as well to state, that snow-shoes measure from four to six feet long, and from thirteen to twenty inches wide. Notwithstanding their great size, the extreme lightness of their materials prevents them being cumbrous; and, after a little practice, a traveller forgets that he has them on, if the weather be good for such walking. Frosty weather is the best for snow-shoe travelling, as the snow is fine and dust-like, and falls through the network. If the weather be warm, the wet snow renders the shoe heavy, and the lines soon begin to gall the feet. On these shoes an Indian will travel between twenty and thirty miles a-day, and they often accomplish from thirty to forty when hard pressed.

The food of the Indian varies according to circumstances. Sometimes he luxuriates on deer, partridges, and fat beaver; whilst at others he is obliged to live almost entirely on fish, and not unfrequently on *tripe-de-roche*. This substance, however, does no more than retard his ultimate destruction by starvation; and, unless he meets with something more nourishing, it cannot prevent it. When starving, the Indian will not hesitate to appease the cravings of hunger by resorting to cannibalism. \* \* \* Although instances of this are not unusual among the Indian tribes, they do not resort to it from choice, but only when urged by the irrepressible cravings of hunger.

All the Indian tribes are fond of spirits; and in former times, when the distribution of rum and whisky to the Natives was found necessary to compete with other companies, the use of the "fire water" was carried to a fearful extent. Since Sir George Simpson has been Governor, however, the distribution of spirits has been almost entirely given up, and this has proved a most beneficial measure for the poor Indians.

Tobacco, also, is consumed by them in great quantities: indeed, the pipe is seldom out of the Indian's mouth. If he is not hunting, sleeping, or eating, he is sure to be smoking. A peculiar kind of shrub is much used by them, mixed with tobacco, partly for the purpose of making it go far, and partly because they can smoke more of it at a time with impunity.

The Indian is generally very lazy, but can endure, when requisite, great fatigue and much privation. He can go

longer without eating than a European; and, from the frequent fasts he has to sustain, he becomes accustomed, without injury, to eat more at a meal than would kill a White Man.

If an old man or woman of the tribe becomes infirm, and unable to proceed with the rest when travelling, he or she, as the case may be, is left behind in a small tent made of willows, in which are placed a little firewood, some provisions, and a vessel of water. Here the unhappy wretch remains in solitude till the fuel and provisions are exhausted, and then dies. Should the tribe be in their encampment when an Indian dies, the deceased is buried, sometimes in the ground, and sometimes in a rough wooden coffin raised a few feet above it. They do not now bury guns, knives, &c., with their dead, as they once did, probably owing to their intercourse with White Men.

The Supreme Being among the Indians is called Manitou: but he can scarcely be said to be worshipped by them, and the few ideas they have of his attributes are imperfect and erroneous. Indeed, no religious rites exist among them, unless the unmeaning mummary of the medicine tent can be looked upon as such. Of late years, however, Missionaries, both of the Church of England and the Wesleyans, have exerted themselves to spread the Christian religion among these tribes, than whom few savages can be more unenlightened or morally degraded; and there is reason to believe that the light of the Gospel is now beginning to shine upon them with beneficial influence.

There is no music in the soul of a Cree, and the only time they attempt it is when gambling, of which they are passionately fond, when they sing a kind of monotonous chaunt, accompanied with a noisy rattling on a tin kettle. The celebrated war-dance is now no longer in existence among this tribe. They have wisely renounced both war and its accompaniments long ago. Among the wilder inhabitants of the prairies, however, it is still in vogue, with all the dismal accompaniments of killing, scalping, roasting, and torturing, that distinguished American warfare a hundred years ago.



“ONE THING IS NEEDFUL.”—Luke x. 42.

AN aged Clergyman, who for very many years had faithfully preached the glad tidings of the Gospel, worn out in the service of his Master, had fallen into a state of mental imbe-

cility. The family in which he resided was one day disturbed from the usual routine of domestic quietude, by preparations to receive some friends to dinner. The servant, like Martha, "cumbered about much serving," had very frequently entered and re-entered the room where the old man was sitting. Roused from his usual insensibility to what was passing around him, he observed her proceedings for some time with much earnestness, until at last, as if pitying her over-anxiety, and solicitous to interpose "a word in season," he gently, yet solemnly, said, "One thing is needful," and sunk back into his former state.

Man toils for many a prize,  
Some perishable good, for which he sighs,  
Restless until he wins it, and, when won,  
Finds he has toil'd for nought, and wishes all undone.

Man covets to have wealth,  
And, to secure it, sacrifices health  
And all the joys of life: and wealth he gains,  
But on his death-bed learns, it was not worth his pains.

Man labours for a name,  
The bubble reputation, this his aim,  
With urgent steps the dizzy height ascends,  
And proves, too late, that peace on something else depends.

Men breast the stormy wave,  
Vast deserts cross, and many a danger brave;  
They seek from earth what earth can ne'er bestow,  
And, wand'ring on, attain no resting-place below.

Unworthy efforts these;  
To God displeasing, man they cannot please:  
A better choice remains, on Christ to rest  
As God's best gift to man, and in His love be bless'd.

To trust Him in our need;  
By Him from sin and sorrow to be freed;  
To win this prize, this lasting wealth secure,  
He who for this leaves all, of all he needs is sure.

To wash our sins away  
In Jesus' blood, and on His promise stay,  
His righteousness our shield, our strength His grace;  
He who this secret finds, has found his resting-place!

Then let us all proclaim,  
To those who know it not, His wond'rous name;  
To distant lands let some the message bring,  
And tell it out, among the Heathen, that the Lord is King.

# CHURCH MISSIONARY GLENER.

No. 9.      SEPTEMBER, 1849.      Vol. IX.

## CLOSING MEETING IN CALCUTTA OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY JUBILEE YEAR.

THE year of Jubilee commemoration was terminated at Calcutta by a Missionary Prayer-meeting, held on the 10th of April last at the Old Church Rooms. The attendance was very full and encouraging. After the Rev. G. G. Cuthbert, the Secretary, had stated the results of the Jubilee, and prayer had been offered, with praise and thanksgiving for all past mercies, the Rev. R. Eteson thus addressed the Meeting—

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*

Two heads of remark present themselves to my mind : First, The *value of time* to a Missionary Society, and, Secondly, The *right use of means*.

1. At the conclusion of this period of fifty years, standing as we now do on the verge of two different and large portions of time—the fifty years that are past, and the fifty years that are to come—we occupy a favourable position to understand the *value of time*.

When the first portion commenced, few of us were born : when the second shall be terminated, few of us will be alive. We value time in the light of eternity : not as the merchant, who values it according to the money he can make in it, and to whom time is money ; not as the scholar, who values it according to the number of new ideas it enables him to acquire ; not as the politician, who knows the time, the juncture of circumstances, suitable to his aims—that if it be once unobserved and neglected it is lost for ever. The founders of the Church Missionary Society took a juster and higher view of the value of time ; for they estimated it by the number of souls that might be saved, and were hourly, yea, momentarily, passing into eternity, without the knowledge of God, and salvation through the blood of Jesus.

Now if, at the commencement of the first fifty years, the founders of this Society had stood rubbing their hands at the view of heathen guilt and ignorance, and had contented themselves with a little sentimental commiseration; had they selfishly wrapped themselves up in the comfortable cloak of their own privileges, affecting much thankfulness in the possession of them; then those fifty precious years would have flown past just as swiftly as they have now fled; but they would have borne along their course none of those triumphant songs, which have been heard so often among the angels in heaven, when, through the instrumentality of these Missionary efforts, sinners were brought to repentance. Yes, the founders of this Society valued time as all good men value it, and as the angels in heaven value it; because it is fraught with the loss or gain, the ruin or the salvation, of immortal souls.

Now then, let us try to finish these fifty years, and to enter on the next fifty, with feelings similar to theirs. I do not mean to exaggerate the duty of caring for the Heathen: I would not make it swallow up all other duties. We have all many duties beside this. Every day of the week, and every hour of the day, ought to have its appropriate duty; and, for the time, that one duty is paramount over others: if we overdo any one duty, we shall be sure to leave some other undone. But I mean, that this one duty of caring for the Heathen should be put down among the rest, and receive that measure of attention which its degree of importance demands. The number of souls saved in the past fifty years is a fact to dwell in our memory; and the number which, by the grace of God, may be saved during the next fifty, is a thought which may occupy our minds; and these together may serve to convey to us a vivid notion of the value of time. If we be faithful in our days, as the fathers of this Society were in theirs, who can tell what may be said of our labours by our children and grandchildren. "The little one shall have become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation:" for the Lord will accomplish this in His time.

2. The other thought which strikes me as peculiarly suitable to a season of this kind is, the *right use of means*. The Missionary work, to all that engage in it—to Subscribers, Collectors, Committee-men, Secretaries, and to the Missionary more than all—is a "work of faith and labour of love," and demands all the "patience

of hope" which they can exercise. To sustain it with comfort, we must regard in it both the agency of God, and the agency of man. True, we can do nothing in it, and yet we can do a great deal. Let us bring to it a feeling of our own unworthiness to be employed in it: such a consciousness of our infirmity and guilt, as shall make us wonder that God should make any use of us and our poor endeavours. Such a state of mind will fit us to bear disappointments with patience, and to hear of success with humility. It will also keep us diligent. While we trust in God for success, and pray often for it, we shall also strain every nerve to attain it by our own exertions. They who trust the least in the means, are, notwithstanding, the most sedulous in using them.

Take the Apostle Paul as an example. What a union he exhibits of praying trust with diligent labour! What preaching, what travelling about, what writing of letters, what perplexity from false teachers, wayward converts, and hypocritical professors! What daily caution against false friends and open enemies! He would rather work at the trade of a tent-maker than have his motives suspected. View him outwardly, and you see only the busy, careful, prudent man, who toiled and strove as though his success flowed from his own exertions, as he went about buying materials for his tents, or selling them when made. Or if we followed him at night, when his toil was over, into the markets or private rooms where he conferred with the Heathen or instructed his converts, we should conclude that his whole life was made up of toil, bustle, or enterprise. Yet it was not so. Behind and beneath all these labours was the earnest, prayerful, continuous trust in the power of Jesus. He quailed not before difficulty or danger, because he distrusted not the Almighty. He lived in prayer; he besought the prayers of all his Converts; prayer with him was a matter of asking and receiving; and thus, though often cast down, still he persevered; still he hoped: he tried again and again, with renewed prayers, to secure the conversion and salvation of souls.

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With such a conviction of the value of time, and such a diligent and praying use of the means, let us take up, from the hands of our fathers, the holy work of Missionary enterprise, and hand it down unimpaired to our children and

children's children. We live in strange times. We know not how long we may have power to preach the Gospel. Doors now open may soon be shut. It would seem as if God was about to do great things in the earth, and they only shall be safe who are on the Lord's side. By the end of the second Jubilee our Missionaries may have penetrated the heart of Africa, and reached the centre of Tartary. Let us expect great things: then we shall pray for great things, and then God will do great things for us.

The Rev. J. H. Pratt concluded by giving out the hymn "Salvation, oh, the joyful sound!" and after it had been sung by the Assembly, he offered up the closing prayer, which was one of supplications and intercessory requests.



#### SCHOOL-CHILDREN AT SIERRA LEONE.

MISS HEHLEN, who has charge of the Female Institution, thus writes—

*December 27, 1848*—We celebrated a happy Christmas-eve. The children were much delighted to find, under illuminated green trees, for each of them, a plate with oranges, ground-nuts, many little books, bags, pins, needle-cases, and, above all, a pair of scissors. The joy over these little presents was so great, that a long time passed before it ceased. The most of these articles I received from dear English friends. I wish Miss Shepherd could have seen the pleasure she caused by the nearly 800 nice little books she kindly sent to me. She has, from the very first time of my coming out, presented the Institution with most useful things, particularly with articles for the Sewing School. Some beautiful pictures, showing the scene on Bethlehem's field, and another representing the child in the manger, gave much pleasure to the children. Each of them said a Christmas verse, and one of the promises, given in the Old Testament, of the Redeemer. They began with the book of Genesis, and ended with the Prophet Malachi. With singing and prayer we concluded the happy evening.

The manner in which a New-year's gift from kind friends in England was received by the School-children at Regent's Town, is thus described by our Catechist, Mr. F. W. H. Davies—



*January 1, 1849* — With light hearts and cheerful countenances, the girls and boys bounded toward School this morning after their Christmas holidays. After the School was opened and arranged, I ordered the different classes of the girls to proceed to the Mission-house to receive a New-year's gift. This created no little surprise, for I heard a few of the younger girls ask, "What is a New-year's gift?"

I had previously opened the case that Miss Venn and her friends had kindly sent for the School-children here. I had also received a large parcel of clothes from Mrs. Tipple, of Islington, for the same purpose.

These things having been nicely arranged by the assistance of one of the Schoolmistresses, the girls were admitted into the room to behold this exhibition of New-year's presents. Here were frocks, shirts, books, bags, pincushions, needle-cases, &c. The sight of these various articles made the eyes of the children sparkle with delight. Each girl, from the youngest to the eldest, had a present of some suitable article of dress. After the girls had received their presents, the boys came for theirs.

The upper boys had Bibles, Testaments, and other interesting books. The shirts I gave to the poorer boys. All the children were cheerful, thankful, and perfectly satisfied. Could our kind friends only have seen with what gratitude these various presents were received by them, I feel quite sure they would not soon forget the scene.

When the children were all again in School, I asked them what I was to say to their kind friends for sending such nice things for them. The girls replied, "Please, Sir, tell the ladies we thank them very much for their fine New-year's gifts." The boys replied, "Please, Sir, give our thanks to the good friends in England, and we are much obliged to them for the good books they have sent us."

May they learn to prize God's gift—the gift of His Son—the free gift, which has come upon all men unto justification of life, which was given to sinful man when the angels proclaimed, "Unto you is born a Saviour;" and in the reception of this gift may they be introduced, not merely into a new year, but into newness of life!



## CHRISTIAN TRILOKE.

IN the year 1824 the Rev. W. Bowley, a laborious Missionary of the Church Missionary Society, who, although removed from his earthly service, still lives in his works, sent out from Chunar, his Station in North India, two Native Christians to visit the friends of one of them, whom he had not seen since his baptism, a period of ten months. They took with them some Tracts for distribution. Two of them fell into the hands of a Zemindar, a very respectable man, one of which, on the great truths of the Gospel, was the means of effecting such an alteration in his mind, that he could not rest until he had crossed the river to the Mission Station, and obtained a copy of the New Testament. This he read with so much attention that he frequently quoted passages from it. He said he perceived something in every perusal of the Gospel which did not strike him before. He said that the Hindoo books drew him away from God, and led him to dissipation; but that the effect of this book was just the opposite. Convinced of the truth of Christianity, he began to use his influence for Christ, and prevailed on his people to give up the worship of the sun, the river, &c. Idolatry was broken off in his village, and many strange Hindoos were induced to attend Mr. Bowley's Church. On one occasion the Missionary visited the Zemindar's village. An old Brahmin, quite illiterate, on seeing him, put his hands to the earth two or three times, salaaming, and saying that to-day God was come to his village. Mr. Bowley took this salutation to be the common thoughtless flattery of the people, and reproved him for using such expressions to a sinful mortal like himself. The old Brahmin, however, soon convinced him that he only meant that salvation was come to his village. He spoke with such proper feelings of the godhead and sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ, that our Missionary was much astonished. He further added, that Christianity was a wonderful religion, suited to the wants of sinners. It appeared that he, with many others, had been in the habit, for months

past, of hearing the Gospel read and explained every night when the Zemindar was at home. The work of the Holy Spirit appeared so evidently in the old Brahmin, that Mr. Bowley could not refuse to baptize him.

Subsequently, the Zemindar was baptized by the name of Christian Triloke. He was then about thirty years of age, athletic, independent in appearance, with an expression of conscious rectitude on his features. Persecution soon arose in the bosom of his own family, especially on the part of his elder brother. One day, as he was proceeding from his own village to the Missionary Station, Christian Triloke perceived a number of strangers waiting for him on the road, and he went on one side in order to avoid them. They ran up to him, hesitated among themselves, and let him pass. Through the grace of God he had been enabled to act with Christian wisdom and forbearance. Before he left home he had been apprehensive that something of the kind would be attempted, and therefore left his own people to follow, lest, if they had seen him ill-used, an affray might have ensued, and he had made up his mind to be passive, and, by meekness, to overcome the anger of his friends.

For many years he has been enabled to labour with fidelity in the service of the Gospel, as a Catechist of the Church Missionary Society, a position which he now occupies in the important city of Benares, in North India.

We now add an extract from a Letter of the Rev. C. B. Leupolt, dated Benares, Dec. 1, 1848.

On the 1st of November we celebrated the Jubilee of the Church Missionary Society. It was indeed a day of Jubilee to us. We met at seven o'clock in the morning, at our Sigra Church, to have a Hindoostanee Meeting. The Missionaries of the London Missionary Society, and their Christians, both from Benares and Mirzapore, joined us. There were upward of 300 people assembled. We had a platform erected in front of the seats, from which the speakers addressed the Meeting.

It would lead me too far to enter into what the various

speakers said ; but I cannot omit mentioning one of the parables which Christian Triloke, one of our Catechists, made use of after he had alluded to the Jubilee of the Old Testament, &c., and described the state of Hindostan as it was thirty years ago. I will endeavour to translate his own words as far as I can—"What a change God has wrought ! how different it was thirty years ago ! I well remember that one day a Government servant came to our village : he was a Christian. We all lamented, and called out, ' Woe, woe unto you, a ruined man ! ' But, behold ! five years after I became a Christian myself ; and I must again say, What has God wrought ! Hindostan was a place of darkness in former years. Let me compare it to a dark night. It was a dark night. There were stars visible, some larger, some smaller ; but, however brilliant in the darkness, they could not afford any light to others. These stars were part of the Vedas and Shasters (the sacred books of the Hindoos) and Rishis and Fakirs (Hindoo and Mahomedan saints). Upon this darkness the moon arose. She gave more light than the stars could afford, yet it was not her own : it was borrowed light ; for you know the moon has no light of her own. But although the light was thus increased, it could not improve the condition of Hindostan : she could not warm the earth, nor make it fruitful : she left the country cold, cheerless, dying. When thus the condition of Hindostan appeared hopeless, the sun arose, the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in His wings. The stars disappeared, the moon was vanquished before His splendour, and behold, with increased light heat was also communicated, and, with the heat, life and joy. It is owing to the Sun that Hindostan has not become a wilderness. What the moon and stars could not effect, the Sun has effected : this Sun is the Lord Jesus Christ. Where He shines, there He produces life, joy, and happiness. He has brought to us peace ; He cheers the mourner, and gladdens the heart of those who are sorrowful ; He alone can bestow eternal life upon the sinner. I repeat what I said before, what neither the darkness with its stars—i. e. Hindooism—could effect, nor what the moon with its borrowed light—i. e. Mahomedanism, which borrowed its light from the Bible—could achieve, that Jesus Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, wrought by His glorious Gospel. He has brought salvation to lost sinners : He cheers our hearts, and gladdens our souls, and diffuses life everywhere.

Let us pray that this good Catechist may have grace given him to continue faithful to the end, that so he may receive the crown of life.



#### CONVERSION OF A CHINESE FAMILY AT AMOY.

THE following interesting account of the conversion of a Chinese family occurs in the "Missionary Herald \* " for August 1848, p. 254.

Your interest will be awakened by a box, containing some cast-off idols, which the Rev. E. Pohlman is about to send to you. As he was just ready to begin Worship in one of the Chapels on the last Sabbath in February, a man, who was about forty years old, approached, saying that his mother was coming. Presently an aged woman, of very respectable appearance and unusually intelligent countenance, came in, attended by another son, who is about thirty years old. Each had a bundle, which, upon drawing near the stand where Mr. Pohlman was, they opened, and presented the contents (two idols) to him. These, from time immemorial, had stood in the family shrine, which is now left tenantless and desolate. At the same time they presented a slip of paper, on which was written, in Chinese—"Chiang-chiu, Ong family, Chhieng-chuan, Chhieng-hong, and mother, Hong-si, have received the commands of Jesus."

The history of this case is to us full of encouraging interest. The family, consisting of the mother and two sons, belong to the city of Chiang-chiu, but they removed to this place shortly after the close of the war. They are of the middle class, in comfortable circumstances, and reside within the city walls. Nearly two years ago the younger son first heard the Gospel, which appears at once to have impressed his mind. He soon became quite regular in his attendance, generally at the Chapel of the brethren of the London Missionary Society. As the truth broke in upon his mind, he began to confer and reason with his elder brother. The latter was thus induced to visit the Chapels and hear for himself. Mr. Pohlman thinks it is about a year and a half since he first met him in our Chapel. He then appeared to be a thoughtful and honest inquirer, wished a reason for

\* Containing the Proceedings of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

every thing, and would take nothing for granted. He proposed questions, reasoned, brought forward objections and difficulties, but was always ready to converse and listen. At times he would be very constant in attendance, not only on the Sabbath, but at the daily exercises also; and then for a season he would disappear. All this time it was supposed that the family residence was at Chiang-chiu, and it was but very lately that we knew of their residing here.

As the attention of the elder brother was first awakened by the younger, so now he began to communicate to his aged mother, sixty-three years old, what he was learning. This awakened thought in her, and she soon began to desire further instruction. Though they reside nearly a mile and a half from us, she began to attend the women's meeting, being obliged to walk that distance, no easy task with her small, crippled feet. The second time she heard the Gospel she became convinced of the folly of idolatry, and the family shrine and ancestral tablets were neglected. It is some time since the sons avowed their disbelief in idols, and professed to have entirely renounced idolatry.

Of the aged mother we saw and knew but little. We were not prepared, therefore, for the decided stand and public renunciation of heathenism which they have all recently made. On the 24th day of the Chinese twelfth month (this year January 29) is the festival called "Sang-sin," or "Sending away the gods." The Chinese on this day, with various ceremonies, despatch their deities to the tribunal of the chief of the gods, to render up their annual account. Then the shrines and images are supposed to be deserted for about ten days, when the divinities again return and take up their abode among mortals. The old mother and sons embraced this occasion to send their idol gods from them, never to return. They therefore brought forth their images, except the two about to be sent to you, and the ancestral tablets, and committed them to the flames. The act was public, as friends and neighbours in vain interceded to have these memorials of idolatry spared; and it seems to have been the effect of deep conviction and much deliberation. Nor did it proceed from the urgency of Missionaries, as no one of our number knew any thing in regard to the step till the transaction had taken place.

When we first heard of it, indeed, we were incredulous: especially did we disbelieve that the ancestral tablets had been thus destroyed. Nothing is so sacred and revered in

China; and to destroy these is regarded a most heinous affair, though they may be buried in the ground or deposited in a temple for safe keeping. Our Evangelist was quite as unbelieving as any of us, and made a visit to ascertain the truth of the facts.

The two idols sent to you were reserved, without any special interest, merely because they were unusually nice images. Mr. Pohlman suggested that they should be given to him to send to America. They readily consented. The images were presented, however, in a most unanticipated manner. As already described, the family voluntarily chose to bring them to the Place of Public Worship, and there, in the face of the assembled congregation, to give away and renounce the last of their heathen deities, and sever the last link between them and idolatry.

There is a serious earnestness manifested by this family, especially by the aged mother, that is wonderful. She appears to thirst for Divine knowledge, and long for instruction. She has broken over the custom which does not allow a woman's public appearance in a company of the other sex, and now regularly attends the Place of Public Worship. A week since she was at the Bible class, where she sat with her eyes so fixed and mouth opened, that a brother Missionary, observing her, supposed she was anxious to speak, and signified it to the brother conducting the exercise. She was therefore asked if she desired to say any thing. "No," was her simple reply, "I only desire to hear."

This interesting family seem to be truly desirous that others may become acquainted with the truths which they have so recently and gladly learned. The fruit of this solicitude has already begun to appear.

They have requested that a weekly meeting should be established at their own house, where their neighbours, men and women, may assemble and hear the Word. The first meeting was there held a fortnight since, when a neighbouring woman brought forward her last idol, and said she was not only willing, but happy in presenting it to Mr. Pohlman. It appeared that the old woman already mentioned, on the Sabbath evening previous, had rehearsed to this neighbour what she had been hearing at the Public Service. The latter became so convinced of the folly of idolatry, that she at once collected all her idols that would burn, and cast them into the fire. The one spared was of clay, and it will be sent to you.

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THOUGHTS SUGGESTED ON SEEING AN INFANT SLEEPING IN  
ITS MOTHER'S ARMS.

How calm the little babe reposes  
When sleep its eyelids gently closes !  
No lines of anxious thought are there,  
No traces of distressing care :  
Sooth'd by a mother's fond embrace,  
It slumbers in its resting-place.

A breathing image—life in sleep—  
Slumbers so gentle, yet so deep—  
An helpless thing expos'd to ill,  
Yet in its helplessness so still—  
The busy world with many a sound  
Plying its busy task around,  
And yet the infant sleeps : its ear  
Fails to perceive the tumult near.  
Strange contrast this ! yet one design'd  
To calm and to instruct the mind.

The infant's weakness is mine own ;  
The likeness I cannot disown.  
In heavenly life a babe indeed,  
Another's constant care I need :  
Left to myself, I cannot rise,  
And only utter piteous cries :  
My hands persuasively extend  
To show how much I need a friend ;  
But when that friend vouchsafes to hear,  
And deigns in mercy to draw near,  
Pities my state, my soul upbears,  
Soothes me with love, and calms my fears,  
I learn that I may helpless be,  
Yet rest on Him most tranquilly.

Oh ! may my spirit childlike be,  
Resting, O Lord, alone on Thee !  
Infirmity, dependence, mine,  
Sustaining pow'r, protection, Thine.  
Helpless myself, may promis'd grace  
Still prove a welcome resting-place.  
A babe indeed, I cannot live  
Except by grace which Thou dost give ;  
Myself unable to sustain,  
I hang on Thee support to gain.  
My name is feebleness : Thine arm  
My sole preservative from harm.  
There, like the infant, may I find  
The blessing of a tranquil mind ;  
On promises of grace recline,  
And stay myself on love divine.



# CHURCH MISSIONARY GLENER.

No. 10. OCTOBER, 1849. Vol. IX.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE REV. W. H. FOX,  
ASSISTANT SECRETARY TO THE CHURCH MIS-  
SIONARY SOCIETY.

THE following traces of the early history of one, who was endeared to all who knew him by the sweetness and truthfulness of his Christian character, may well find a place in the pages of this little publication, of which he was for some time the Editor, and which he sought to conduct in such a prayerful spirit that it might carry with it the blessing of God.

They are extracts from an article which appeared in another periodical\*, with some few alterations, the better to adapt them to our class of readers.

The writer first saw Henry Fox at Rugby School, at the close of 1831. He was then fourteen years of age, and with nothing to distinguish him from his fellows. He was not high in the School for his age, but he possessed a frank and open disposition, and had been well brought up.

During his last illness, his sister asked him when he had first *given* himself to the Lord. He answered, that he must have been about fifteen years of age when he first did so. "Returning to Rugby" (to use his own words) "after the holidays, I was much alone in the coach, and thought much on the subject, or rather I thought I was God's. Since then I have gone on and gone on. You used to write me a Letter to be received every Sunday: that was a great help to me." It will be easily imagined that a religious boy will soon meet occasions among his schoolfellows to draw out his principles. As far as I can recollect, the following was the first circumstance which showed me that he feared to sin against God:—When boys have not prepared their lessons, or in any other way have misbehaved, nothing is more common

\* Quarterly Journal, for April 1849, of the Church-of-England Young-Mens' Society for aiding Missions at home and abroad.

than to set them to write out a certain number of lines. Of course, these cannot be minutely counted by the Master; and accordingly, if the paper seems to be as full as might be expected, no questions are asked, and the task is considered as duly done. The question was moved among two or three of us, whether it amounted to a lie to show up a few lines short of the number; whether ninety-nine were not as good as a hundred; and if one line short did not make a lie, then did two? and so on. The subject was warmly debated; but Henry Fox would persist, that to deceive, in however small a measure, was a sin, and that we were bound to show up the exact number of lines directed to be written out. Perhaps this little anecdote may seem trifling. I can only say that those debates made a lively impression on my own mind. It was with practical religion that Henry Fox was occupied at this time. His exhortations, and practice of private prayer, I well remember. I am persuaded that those who were best acquainted with him received from him much benefit, even where they did not openly own it by confessing the service of Christ before their companions. Thus—to mention a single instance—one boy, though shrinking from saying his prayers in the bed-room where others were, began to pray in his study—the little private room which each boy had for his books—and left off reading newspapers and secular books on the Sunday. In this case the effect was produced by Henry Fox's consistent life: the conscience of his companion could not resist it.

Among several religious books which he read, "the Life of Henry Martyn" must be particularly mentioned, as it was a means of giving his mind a bias for Missions which never quitted him. I can see, in my mind's eye, at this moment, the cheap, ill-printed American edition of Martyn's Life which was so often upon his table, and so often referred to. A more excellent biography could not have been found. It gave a Missionary direction to his thoughts, and it became with Henry Fox a settled matter to hold himself in readiness to go out as a Missionary.

At this distance of time I can recall few other incidents of his school life, and therefore pass on to his feelings on quitting School, merely observing that his religious principles had much forwarded his studies. A conscientious diligence, and the healthy action of a free spirit—for "he is the

freeman whom the truth makes free"—had enabled him to attain school distinctions. The earliest of his Letters which I have preserved bears date July 12, 1836, and contains the following passage—"I had expected to feel the parting with Rugby very much; but when the time gradually came, I was too busy. The only things I felt were, the last sermon on Sunday, and the leaving my study for ever: it will never be mine again. I can never again look on it as the quiet resting-place from all external troubles: and when I thought of the many happy hours I had spent there, and looked at the place where I used to pray, and where, day after day, I used to read God's Word, and thought that within those walls had been taught me all that I know of Him, it was very painful indeed to leave it. If I ever should become a Missionary, I feel that India is not the place for me, though for many reasons I should prefer it. But I could neither stand the heat, nor work under it; for even in this comparative coolness I become so languid as to be useless. I have turned my attention again to North America, and have written to my brother there to inquire into the utility of such a project."

In the autumn of 1836 he entered into residence at Oxford, and there he was for a little while in danger of being drawn away from the path of close walking with God, but the good Shepherd led him safely through; and when at home, during the vacation of Christmas 1837, we find him thus writing—"I have felt more strongly than ever the blessings of returning home; for I find here so many more outward assistances to devotion. My sisters, my friends, are all more advanced in the knowledge of God than myself, and every scene draws me to, rather than from, religion. I have much more time to myself to think over my own state; and in this vacation has God more than ever called me to worship Him with my *whole* heart. I can already testify how good are the afflictions which God sends us. If nothing else will soften the heart, they at least will, and when earthly props are falling away from us, then to whom can we fly but to thee, O God? for thou hast the words of everlasting life." This was written shortly after the death of his eldest brother.

In another Letter, written in the summer of 1838, he says—"I pray that, now and hereafter, we may become more truly living to and in Christ. Only think of the depth of the faith

and love which is set before us in the Psalms! ‘Thou art the thing which I *long for*, even from my youth up.’ ‘I will go unto the altar of my God, even of *my exceeding great joy*.’ Alas! for our poor miserable hearts, how little of such a feeling have they, how ready to take an interest in and love the meanest trifle or employment on earth! how ready to receive any excuse for delaying, omitting, or curtailing, the worship of God! and how little have we of the spirit of prayer, which should make us live in heaven all day long!” Such was the tone of his Letters to a familiar friend. Let it be remembered, that he was at this time in the heyday of health and strength, mixing in the society of high-spirited young men, and, in many respects, having the world at will. May some readers of this sketch learn a lesson for themselves! They may here perceive, not what grace may be expected to do, but what it actually did.



A CHRISTMAS-DAY AT MORIJAH, A STATION OF THE PARIS MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN SOUTHERN AFRICA — BAPTISM OF THIRTY-THREE NEW CONVERTS — CONFESSION OF MARY MASENATE.\*

It is both a duty and a pleasure to give some details of the way in which we have just celebrated, at Morijah, the feast of the nativity of Christ.

On Sunday morning at nine o'clock the bells of the Station summoned the people to prayer. On this occasion all the inhabitants of the place, even the most indifferent, attended. From the neighbouring villages, also, a number of little troops of people arrived; some, according to their usual custom; others from curiosity. A suitable place had been prepared in the open air for this assembly, composed entirely of Bassoutos, and yet singularly diversified; some of those present having been already brought under the influence of religion, whilst others have hitherto continued strangers to its regenerating effects. The latter appeared rude, even ferocious, and were distinguished from the others by their poor raiment, and their hair reddened with ochre and covered with grease. The former, on the contrary, were dressed with comparative decency, their hearts were free and

\* From the “Journal of Missions Evangelical,” published by the Paris Society, the 24th year, and 5th book.

happy, and in their hands might be seen their little hymn-books or a Gospel. On the whole, we were about 2000: glorious triumph in these days of opposition! They sang much, with emphasis and life. Mr. Dyke preached on Romans vi. 17: "But God be thanked that ye were the servants of sin, but have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine that was delivered unto you." Afterward twenty-three Candidates from Morijah and ten from Bosisiou rose in the midst of much emotion. I explained to them the Ten Commandments, and they promised, by the help of God, to keep them; to renounce the Devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world; and, falling on their knees, they received from Mr. Dyke's hands the seal of baptism.

On Christmas Monday the weather was fine. We had a long Service in commemoration of the birth of Christ. Our audience was one most imposing both for its number and attention. The Gospel was declared to them, five children baptized, six marriages celebrated, and we separated. Many appeared much impressed. The Heathen said that our worship was beautiful, and that the Bible was the truth of truths. As to the converts from Morijah, who had just been received into the visible Church by baptism, they have repeated, during the week of examination, the Ten Commandments, the Catechism, a great number of hymns or psalms, and many portions of the Gospels. Two sentiments animated them—that of their natural misery, and that of their reconciliation to God by the blood of Christ. Their conduct, as far as I can judge, is regular. There may be found among them men of every rank and age. It is not uninteresting to hear them give an account of their past lives, of their conversion, and of their present feelings, with that simplicity which characterizes more than one converted Bassouto. Here, for instance, is what the intelligent wife of the Chief, Letsie, (Mary Masenate,) said at examination. The reader will please to pardon the unconnectedness of her discourse. "I feel pangs of conscience that prevent me from sleeping. I have sinned greatly against the Lord. Heathens like me are full of theft and lying. I formerly adorned myself with bracelets of brass and glass to win the admiration which flattered my vanity, and to tempt others more easily. During my travels, I own it with shame, I have more than once coveted and taken the husband of another. Even from my

childhood I have more than once eaten and drank evil. Jesus Himself has preserved me in the midst of famine and war. When I was quite a little child, I was obliged to flee from the Caffres with my parents and relations. The mothers took their children on their backs, but the enemies pressing on us, the fathers cut the strings which bound together the kaross in which the poor little infants were wrapped up, and let them fall upon the ground. When the parents heard them cry, they said, 'Go on, we shall one day have others.' It is in this way that I lost all the companions of my childhood. But as for me, God has preserved me. A strong and faithful servant carried me. In a certain place they inhumanly abandoned Pété, the father of Mockachane: he saw me passing, and asked to kiss me. I kissed him. He was leaning against a rock. 'May your father take care of you,' he said, loosing my hand: 'as for me, I remain here weakened by hunger and age.' We went on. Some cannibals soon arrived, who carried him off under our eyes, to eat him in their caverns. What could we have done to have preserved Pété's life? They might have killed a bullock, and given him a morsel to revive his exhausted strength, so that he might have been enabled to flee with us. They might have placed him on one of their beasts of burden, but they did not. They did not even stop the flocks for a moment when they saw the Chief falling with weakness. No; compassion comes from God: the Bassoutos have none, not even for their fathers. I suffer, Mynheer: evil gnaws me; sin overwhelms me; my conscience torments me; my iniquities stand before me, as an enemy armed with a lance. My transgressions are more in number than the grass of the field. I have wallowed in the mire like a sow. Ah! I wish to arise and go to my Father. At Morijah the Lord caused a fountain of salvation to spring up for me, but for a long time I refused to drink of it: others have come from far to quench their thirst, instead of me, at this despised fountain. Sometimes I said, in my hard-heartedness, Can I take the evil from my heart? Let Jesus take it away. At other times I said, What have I to do with the God of the Whites? what have I to do with Him at my death? Others may listen to His teaching, and obey His severe precepts. To-day it is quite otherwise with me. I wish to belong to Him, and to eat of the crumbs that fall from His table, for I am very, very humble. I am a blade

of dry grass, a mere grain of sand, a withered worm ready to die. I have grown in sin, I have fed my body and starved my soul. I have lived in pride and vanity. O that Jesus may have pity on me; that he may raise His wing to shelter there a little chicken, even Masenate; that He may wash me in His blood, and enable me to love Him, to obey Him! There is a day of judgment. In that day we shall be asked, 'What have you done with the old Pété?' Here all the Candidates present shed tears, and their friend continued: "Many years have passed since I heard the Gospel, but I did not wish to receive it because I loved the world. I was clothed with the world, as one clothes themselves with fine garments. One day, Matéléga, one of my neighbours, lost a child. On his death-bed he said, 'I depart under a glorious sun, for this is Sunday: let them not ornament me with any thing heathen, for Jesus is my ornament.' So saying, he breathed his last. This is but a child, said I to myself, see how he speaks, and I, what ornament shall I put on when my turn comes."

O Lord our God, let thy name be magnified throughout all the earth: out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained praise.



#### NATIVE MARRIAGE IN NEW ZEALAND.

(From the Rev. R. Taylor's Journal, of Jan. 27, 1849.)

KEMP was married to Kareta. Great preparations were made to make it quite an European marriage. Several Europeans were present at the ceremony, and afterward we went to see the marriage-feast, which was also prepared in the European style. A long table was covered with a clean cloth, and upon it were placed tea, bread, butter, biscuits, mutton, pork, and pudding: they had also some wine and porter. This feast is their first in the European fashion. No person was allowed to enter if dressed in a blanket. When the couple came out of Church the children of the School were all drawn out to wish them joy. The bride wore a very neat bonnet, with a bunch of different kind of native feathers most tastefully arranged on it.



WHAT OTHERS HAVE DONE—WHAT ARE WE DOING ?

THE cause of Missions is a holy and glorious one. It is the same work in which He was engaged, who came to seek and to save that which was lost ; and, after the example of Him who laid down His life for the sheep, faithful men have been contented to suffer much in the Missionary cause, if so be they might be the instruments of winning souls to Christ. Want, and hardship, and danger, have been patiently endured by them, that the Gospel might be made known to their fellow-men who were living and dying in ignorance of God's love in Jesus Christ. They put themselves to trouble and inconvenience to do so. Many in England support Missions, but only so far as they can do so conveniently, and without much of self-denial. Perhaps, by the blessing of God, it may stir us up to feel more deeply the importance of this great work, and to labour in it more earnestly, if we are reminded of what other men have endured in this their Master's service.

Our Quarterly Paper for Michaelmas of this year contains some account of our Mission amongst the Red Indians of British Guiana. Ours were not, however, the first Protestant Missionaries to that country. Nearly a hundred years before our first Missionary arrived, the Moravian Missionaries had gone amongst the Indians, and, for nearly seventy years, persevered in their efforts.

The following is an account\* of the distresses endured by one of these devoted men, named Daehne, about the year 1757, when he was attempting the commencement of a new Station amongst the Indians, on one of the larger rivers of British Guiana, called the Corantyn—

The Indians who accompanied him there soon left him, except one, with whom he lived a very solitary life. After some time his only companion was taken ill, and the Indian

\* Bernau's *Missionary Labours in British Guiana*, pp. 67—70.



doctors who passed by told him he would never recover if he continued to live with the White Man, who was under the power of the devil, and would likewise soon turn sick. Influenced by these representations, the poor fellow, as soon as he got a little better, forsook his Teacher, and returned to his own countrymen. But though Daehne was left alone without either friend or companion, even in this solitude he was content and happy. "Our Saviour," says he, "was always with me, and comforted me with His gracious presence; so that I can truly say I spent my time in happiness and peace."

The Indians at first entertained strong suspicions against him, and even formed the design of putting him to death. He was informed of his danger, but his mind was kept in perfect peace. One day, however, as he sat at his frugal meal, about fifty of the Carabeese landed from their canoes, and surrounded his cottage, with a view of carrying their threats into execution. Some of them were armed with swords, others with tomahawks. This was truly an alarming sight; nevertheless, he went out and bade them welcome. They then asked him, through the medium of an interpreter, who gave him liberty to build on their land. To this he replied, "The Governor." They next inquired what design he had in coming thither. To which he answered, "I have brethren on the other side of the great waters, who, having heard that many of the Indians on this river were ignorant of God, have, from the great affection they felt toward you, sent me to tell you of the love of God, and what He has done to save you." The Chief then said, "Have you never heard that the Indians intend to kill you?" "Yes," answered Daehne, "but I cannot believe it. You have among you some who have lived with me, and they can tell you that I am the friend of the Indians." To this the Chief replied, "Yes, I have heard so: they say you are a different sort of Christian from the White People in general." The Missionary then said, "I am your friend: how is it that you come to kill me?" "We have done wrong," answered the Chief. Every countenance now altered, and the Indians quickly dispersed. The Chief, however, remained behind, behaving in a very friendly manner, and left him a supply of cassava. Thus the Missionary, by his magnanimous, yet temperate conduct, warded off the blow which threatened his life, and converted his enemies into friends.

During his stay in this solitary situation, Daehne was

frequently in want of the common necessities of life. Besides these various trials, he now and then suffered from fever, and was often in no small danger from wild beasts and other venomous creatures. Thus a tiger for a long time kept watch near his hut, seeking an opportunity, no doubt, to seize the poor solitary inhabitant. Every night it roared most dreadfully; and though he regularly kindled a large fire in the neighbourhood before he went to bed, yet, as it often went out by the morning, it would have proved but a miserable defence, had not the Lord preserved him. The following circumstance is still more remarkable, and illustrates, in a singular manner, the care of God over His servants. Being one evening attacked with a paroxysm of fever, he resolved to go into his hut and lie down in his hammock. Just, however, as he entered the door, he beheld a serpent descending from the roof upon him. In the scuffle which ensued, the creature bit him in three different places; and, pursuing him closely, twined itself several times round his head and neck as tightly as possible. Expecting now to be bitten, or strangled to death, and being afraid lest his brethren should suspect the Indians had murdered him, he, with singular presence of mind, wrote with chalk on the table—"A serpent has killed me." Suddenly, however, that promise of the Saviour darted into his mind—"They shall take up serpents and shall not be hurt." Encouraged by this declaration, he seized the creature with great force, tore it loose from his body, and flung it out of the hut. He then lay down in his hammock in tranquillity and peace. This was most probably a boa-constrictor, whose bite, though painful, is not venomous, and which destroys his prey by crushing it to death, and gorging it whole.

The Mission on the river Corantyn was carried on until the year 1806, when, a destructive fire having reduced the whole Settlement to ashes, the Station was given up.

Our Missionary, the Rev. J. H. Bernau, once visited this place, and thus describes his feelings—

The day I spent among the Indians on the Corantyn being rather rainy and cold, I felt chilly and uncomfortable; but what pen can describe the feelings of my heart when contemplating the spiritual darkness brooding over this wilderness? It is chilly, it is cold all around; no

friend to sympathize, no fruit, no blossom, to be seen among those who bear the name of Christ, by which the solitary wanderer might be refreshed. But the Lord is near, and He can make up for every thing. When standing on the spot where the House of Prayer is said to have stood when the Moravian Missionaries laboured among this benighted people, my heart was musing on the past; and calling to remembrance that there have been some whose hearts believed in the Son of God, I began inquiring whether there were any still remaining of those few; and my inquiry was not in vain. A woman was pointed out to me who had been dedicated to the Lord by her pious parents in her infancy; but having been left to herself, without the Means of Grace, there was nothing to distinguish her from others, save the Christian name. When it was told them that I was a Dominie (Missionary), one of the Indians, apparently a Captain, for he had a cap curiously wrought and decorated with many feathers, came and placed himself before me, saying, "Dominie, are you coming to learn us? Oh, glad me be, we learn good!"

How much is to be done! Is God an unconcerned spectator of it? In every scene of human wretchedness which is pointed out to us, does He not say, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" And shall there be none to offer themselves willingly from amongst the people?



I JOHN iv. 11.

How wonderful, that God should give  
 His well-belov'd, that we might live:  
 That Christ should come, the lost to save,  
 To heal the sick, and free the slave;  
 That he should willingly forego  
     His throne above,  
     And, mov'd by love,  
 Stoop to a pilgrimage of woe:  
     Privation, pain,  
     The world's disdain,  
     Its cutting scorn  
     All meekly borne:  
 Till on the cross, and side by side  
 With malefactors, Jesus died!

Yet, there's a painful contrast ; one,  
 Humbling indeed—when God has done  
 So much for us, that we should be  
 Dead to another's misery !  
 Expectant nations wait to hear  
     The glorious news ;  
     Yet we refuse  
 The gift with other men to share.  
     The Christian name  
     Indeed we claim,  
     And much profess  
     We love no less ;  
 But, if our actions be the test,  
 'Tis but a dwarfish love at best.

Where is the self-denial ? where  
 The pleading constancy of prayer ;  
 The mind of Him who freely gave  
 His life, the sinner's life to save ;  
 The sympathy that feels for those  
     We cannot see,  
     And longs to be  
 Helping to mitigate their woes ;  
     The open hand  
     At Christ's command ;  
     The quick reply  
     Lord, here am I ;  
 The love that prompts us to obey,  
 And go where Jesus points the way ?

We love !—Then why are nations sad ?  
 Why is the world in mourning clad ?  
 Why weep our fellow-men, if we  
 Are Christlike as we ought to be ?  
 Wake, Christians, wake ! the Truth proclaim !  
     The nations need  
     Your help indeed :  
 Publish abroad the Saviour's name !  
     The toil begin ;  
     Strive souls to win ;  
     Spend and be spent,  
     On souls intent.  
 Whate'er it cost, from endless shame  
 To rescue some, be this your aim !

# CHURCH MISSIONARY GLENER.

No. 11. NOVEMBER, 1849. VOL. IX.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE REV. H. W. FOX,  
ASSISTANT SECRETARY TO THE CHURCH MIS-  
SIONARY SOCIETY.

(Continued from p. 112 of our last Number.)

IN the autumn of 1839, Henry Fox took his B. A. degree. On January 9th, 1840, he wrote to me—"I have been casting about an old question, which I have long put off as out of season, but which now presses upon me in full force, because now is the time for decision. I mean the question, 'Must I be a Minister in England or among the Heathen?' I am not aware that I have any new reasons on the subject, nor that I see them more strongly than before; but in times past I had to say to myself, 'This is not a question to be at present decided, while I am yet in education for the ministry generally.' Now, however, when each day tends to fix my situation in life, and a decision either way would alter my plans even for the morrow, I am obliged to give a definite answer to the ever-intruding question; and I see not what other answer I can give than this, '*I must be a Missionary.*' My reasons are, as I dare say you know, simply these—that there is an overwhelming call for Missionaries to the Heathen, and we, the Church of England, have been bringing down punishment on our heads by our neglect in not hearing the call; that thus some one *must* go; and, if no one else will go, he who hears the call, peculiarly adapted for the service or no, *must* go. I hear the call—for, indeed, God has brought it before me on every side—and go I *must*. My external qualifications of health, strength, and spirits, are rather in favour of my aptness, and my internal qualifications are my only drawback; for so great, so honourable, so important a charge is it, that I shrink at the thought, that a being so worthless, so wicked, should presume to offer himself for it. But, better it be filled by the weakest of the weak, than by none at all; and God can give me strength. As often as I have the question in my mind, I can only arrive at the same conclusion; and weak and earthly as are many of my

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present motives for going, yet I see reasons far beyond these motives, and pray that my heart may be filled by more worthy ones, and a pure and single love of men in Christ. Within the last few days I have laid my case before Mr. Elliott (of Brighton). He strongly confirms me in the view I take of it, and has shown me an extract from a letter of Mr. Tucker, of Madras, on the subject of a new Mission in India, where all is ready—people, scholars, house, Chapel, School, funds—all, except a man to fill the place of Missionary. He speaks, as I have often heard and thought, of the duty of the Church to send out *educated* Missionaries. I have not yet *fixed*, but I believe I shall do so before many weeks are passed. I have said little to my family as yet: however, I trust God will open a way for me, so that I may have the full concurrence of my parents, if He should please to take me out of England.”

A few months elapsed before he fully decided upon the step. When we met in Oxford, after the vacation, it was further discussed; and at length he invited me to come one evening to his lodgings, and pray with him, as he was determined then to give in his *ultimatum*. He resolved to devote himself to the Missionary cause, and put aside thenceforth all thought of ministering in England. In a Letter dated April 26th, 1840, he says—“I look forward with more satisfaction than ever to my Missionary labours. I have not for one moment had a shadow of a doubt that I have decided rightly. I have great cause—have I not?—to thank God daily for having called me to so fair a field, where pre-eminently His strength will be seen and manifested in my weakness. I have resolved to follow St. Paul in preaching nothing but Christ crucified to take away the sins of the world.” In the same strain he writes on June 16, 1840—“I hope Mr. Tucker may be the means of stirring up some to go out. I think that even I, if I had opportunity, could say something to rouse men. I do what I can in private conversation, always urging the inconsistency of persons ‘taking an interest’—as it is called—in the Missionary cause, yet themselves hanging back from giving that aid which is most needed. I rejoice myself daily more and more that I have so goodly a work allotted to me. I can think of no work on earth for which I would wish to change my present prospects. Any thing like worldly advantage is out of the question, and a highly-responsible

situation here I feel wholly unfitted for. There is none where I seem to be more surely in my right position, than doing the neglected work of this country in spreading the Gospel, the glorious Gospel, to the Heathen." Another two months passed, and I heard from him under date Aug. 20, 1840. "The Church Missionary Society have decided upon forming a Station in the Telugu Country, and to that I shall most probably be appointed, in company with Mr. Noble, who has been in Orders more than a year, and consequently will be, in some respects, like my Rector. He will probably be at Masulipatam, an European Station on the coast, about 150 or 200 miles north of Madras, and a few miles inland, entirely among Natives." Presently after he writes—"I am appointed to the Telugu Country, containing a population of three millions, hitherto without a single Church-of-England Missionary. I am burning to be able to persuade others to go out. I feel as if I could go into the market-place, and preach to the people about Missions. But, alas! there would be no one there who could go out. I had better go into the hall at the University. It is men we want; money will soon follow; prayer must precede and go along with both."



EFFORTS OF AN UNITED BODY OF MISSIONARIES AT THE BHUTESHWAR MELA, OR FAIR, IN NORTH INDIA.

We take the following account from "The Missionary Herald" for August last, p. 123—

*Thursday, Nov. 9, 1848*—After breakfasting, and uniting in prayer for a blessing on our labours, we set out for the place where we had determined to have our principal preaching. It was conveniently situated in the midst of the temples by the river-side, where our native brethren had taken up their abode, and commenced distributing books and preaching. Our force consisted of brother Phillips and his Native Catechist, Shiva Jitray, the Rev. J. Wilson, of the Presbyterian Mission, Mr. Harris, the Superintendant of the Agra Missionary Society's operations, with three Native Preachers and myself. We, together, formed one party, and united in all our operations. On another side of the mela was the Rev. F. E. Schneider, of the Secundra Mission; and on the third side, Mr. Pfander's Native Catechist had pitched his tent; so that

we made an attack on this immense fort of iniquity from nearly every side. On arrival at our post, the first sight that met our eyes was the burning of a corpse. An old man had come to the mela and died. They did but scorch his body black, and then, in a most indecent manner, took it into the middle of the river and set it afloat, to the great gratification of the by-standers and bathers. A Brahmin endeavoured to turn the matter to account, by telling the people that if they did not come to his stall and obtain tilaks, the dead man would get upon them. We kept up preaching in our turns most of the day, not only by the river-side, but in several other places. The people heard with the most marked attention. A Punjabi (native of the Punjab) asked a number of questions, and was so much interested that he afterward came to our tent, and remained with us in conversation as long as we could spare time to stop with him. Toward evening the mela began to thicken fast, by the arrival of crowds of men and cattle of all kinds. Elephants, camels, horses, cows, bullocks, and bakris, were very numerous, and covered some miles of ground. The men, women, and children, were huddled together by thousands, wherever a vacant spot could be found.

#### *Heathen Superstitions.*

*Friday, Nov. 10th*—We arose early, and mounted the heights, which nearly surrounded the mela, and are not unlike some Scotch scenery on a small scale. On the sides of the hill we found two caves excavated for the residence of fakirs, with whom the place abounds. After breakfasting, we commenced our labour as usual by the river-side. The bathers were much increased, and we found all kinds of plans in operation for making money. Brahmins, calling themselves Jumna-putras, making tilaks of various kinds, according to the rank and caste of their customers, and giving stamps on the arms similar to those obtained by pilgrims at Dwáriká. Others, again, were selling flowers, vilwa-patras, and fruit for offerings. Again there were crowds of singers and dancers, and not far distant a juggler astonishing the ignorant farmers with his tricks of cunning. By the entrance to the principal temple were sitting groups of khákis, or fakirs, covered with rākh (ashes), some of them daubed in such a ludicrous manner as scarcely to resemble human beings, except in shape. Among them I saw a company with their



Mahunt, whose reputed sanctity attracted more than usual attention. His feet had just been washed, and the dirty water was purchased by numbers at a pice for a small spoonful, the poor deluded people drinking it up as a sweet draught which they could not obtain every day. Amongst this motley group we preached the Gospel, declaring that all the abominations with which we were surrounded were displeasing to God; that they should speedily be brought to an end, with every Satanic device; that every idol should perish; that Christianity should spread throughout the length and breadth of the land; and that every Pundit's shop should be closed. Numbers of people laughed at the puja and trickery which was going on, whilst others appeared most sincere in every action.

*Conversation with a Purohit.*

We had a most interesting conversation with a Purohit from a village near Mynpuri: he had received Wilson's Exposure of Hindooism about six years ago, and read it with such attention that he had been led to renounce idolatry in every form, and he appeared to have got much of the "truth as it is in Jesus." He stated that he had been preaching to the people in his village for years; that he had given up all the fees which, as village Priest, he used to receive; and that the people laughed at him for his folly. He addressed the people in our presence with boldness, and urged them to turn from their idols to the living God. Here is an example of the secret influence of book distribution; and who can tell how many such men may be scattered throughout the widely-spread agricultural districts of Hindoostan, where the Missionary's foot has never yet trod?

We retired for refreshments about three o'clock, and then recommenced preaching, and continued until we were too hoarse to be heard. Some of our native brethren were engaged all day in carefully distributing books to such as could read, and were anxious to obtain them. Applications were numerous, and many carried away with them the Word of Life with evident pleasure and satisfaction. As soon as evening came on we took a boat, and crossed the river, and here a view presented itself worthy of the artist's pencil—a line of pukká (brick or stone) ghauts, about a mile in length, and forming a strong embankment, by which the stream of the river had been turned from its natural

course, the whole surmounted by upward of thirty temples of various kinds of architecture, chiefly the common Indian style; and from each of these ghauts the Natives were floating away thousands of little ghee lamps, placed on tatties (frames) of straw, the intention of which was to light their deceased ancestors to the abodes of bliss. This practice probably had its origin in connexion with Jumna's reputed relationship with Jaur, the lord of the infernal regions. The moon was just rising with more than usual splendour, and casting her pale light over this vanity fair, and we could not help remarking how God's best gifts are abused to the worst of purposes. The Giver is forgotten, neglected, despised, whilst His creatures are revered and worshipped with a blind superstition which degrades man beneath the beasts which perish. We returned to our tents wearied, not only with our labours, but with the abominations we had witnessed. Surely Satan here reigns predominant.

*Principal Bathing-day.*

*Saturday, Nov. 11*—We repaired to the river at an early hour, this being the principal bathing-day, and the scene which met our eyes was one not soon to be forgotten. Men, women, and children were rushing through the principal temple with such violence and rapidity that we found it difficult to count them. Young men were leading their aged parents, and mothers their children, in order to save them from being trampled down by the crowd. O ye cold-hearted Christians, come and learn zeal from these poor deluded worshippers of stone! Think of their long journeys on foot—their passing whole nights on the cold ground in winter, almost without covering—their rising at midnight by thousands to bathe, rushing into the stream like maniacs, and thence to the temple, where it required more than ordinary resolution to enter—and suffering all sorts of inconvenience in order to their completing their worship. When shall we see such a spirit of zeal and sacrifice in the Redeemer's cause? We commenced preaching; but two policemen came and drove our Congregations away, so that we were obliged to retire to a quieter part of the mela, where we addressed crowds of attentive hearers, and then returned to breakfast; after which we kept up preaching without intermission until three o'clock P.M.

*An interesting Old Man.*

I was speaking of the necessity of the Holy Spirit's influences in order to purify man and fit him for heaven, when an interesting old man, who had been present for a length of time, repeated a verse which may be freely translated thus—

Every one speaks of the invisible, but no one sees him. If any one sees the invisible, then he becomes changed into his image.

We had a long conversation with the old man, who appeared deeply interested in all he heard. He discarded idolatry in every form; and, notwithstanding his retaining some popular errors, he heard with a teachableness which proved that, like Cornelius, he only required to know, in order to his obeying the Truth. We gave him some books, and hope to hear of him again at some future time. Numbers of others were evidently convinced in judgment, but require the Spirit's influences to enable them to give up family and friends, and bear the scorn of the world.



#### DANGERS AND FATIGUES OF MISSIONARY TRAVELLING IN NEW ZEALAND.

IN consequence of the great extent of the districts in New Zealand which are placed under the charge of our Missionaries, and the scattered character of the population, long and fatiguing journeys are necessary, in visiting the different villages, and affording to the inquiring Natives the means of instruction. A New-Zealand Missionary must therefore prepare himself, like the Apostle, to be in "journeyings often, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often." Of this we find an exemplification in a recent journey of the Rev. W. Colenso from Port Nicholson to the plain or valley of the Wairarapa, so called from the lake of that name; by whose tributary rivers, of which the principal is called the Ruamahanga, it is amply watered. For a portion of the way they proceeded along the new road leading up the valley of the Hutt, and crossed the ridge of the mountain range which divides the flat

open country of the Wairarapa from the western portion of the Wellington District. From this point their sufferings commenced.

We travelled on for several miles over dry stony plains, on which a rambling thorny shrub, of stunted growth, abounded. This plant was peculiarly trying to the Natives' feet, although they had endeavoured to protect them as they best could with sandals, ingeniously woven of the leaves of the New-Zealand flax. At one P. M. we determined to cross the swamp, and cut through the wood before us; having taken proper notice of the situation and bearing of the high hill near Huaangarua, on the opposite side of the valley. The water in the swamp—walking warily—proved not to be more than two feet in depth; but on entering the wood we found, to our confusion, that it was entirely composed of a net-work of deep pools of water, among which various species of a grass, appropriately named by the settlers cutting and razor grass, most luxuriantly grew, attaining to the height of ten or twelve feet and upward; and all this in addition to what we had, as a matter of course, expected to find—rotten logs, and broken-off branches, and prostrate trees. We, however, little suspected that we were entering on Kaitara, a forest which, for its entangled denseness and deep swamps, has been proverbial for ages with the New Zealanders; nor did we conceive, bad as everything around us appeared to be, a tithe of the miseries which awaited us during the closing hours of this day. We had been about half an hour advancing into the wood, when I found that three of my party—among whom was my old lad, Samuel—were missing; so I immediately called a halt, and we shouted together with all our might, but there was no answer. Leaning against the trees among the pools of water, we waited some time, when one of my Natives went back to the entrance of the wood, and by-and-bye two of the three came up, but Samuel could not be found. Some of my party now recollected his having severely hurt one of his feet in crossing the thorny plain, while one of those who last came up had seen him sitting down on the opposite side of the swamp. In this dilemma we agreed to wait awhile, Matthias again returning, shouting as he went, to the entrance of the wood, while I made my dog to bark with all his might with his deep and power-

ful voice, until, between us, we alarmed all the parrots upon the trèes, who flew screaming about, the whole forest resounding with the uproar. In about an hour Matthias returned, bringing Samuel with him, to our great comfort. He had halted to tie up his wounded foot, and, losing sight of us among the reeds, &c., of the swamp, had crossed it lower down, and was entering the wood when Matthias's voice reached his ear, and he found his way to us. Being all very hungry, I shared up a little bread to each; yet, fearing it possible we might not get out of the forest this evening, I withheld a little for to-morrow. The Tawara fruit being now ripe, and growing plentifully about us, we gathered and ate as we went. We had proceeded on for about two hours in moody silence, each one vainly hoping that the worst was past, and that we were near the exit, when we found the wood to become so bad as to be all but quite impassable, even to experienced New-Zealand travellers. Philip, a stout and kind Native Chief and Teacher, who had come with me from Te Kopi, had taken the lead; and now, being worn out, and his hands, knees, and thighs bathed in blood, he threw himself down upon the ground, declaring, in the most melancholy manner, that he could do no more. I spoke a few words of encouragement, and another Native took the lead; but we soon found that what we had passed through was as nothing compared to what we had now to contend with. We were now in an extensive and deep morass, surrounded on all sides by impervious forests, filled with sharp reeds, scratching brambles, and cutting grasses, which exacted a severe tribute from our person and clothes for our trespassing upon their hitherto unvisited domain. At every step we sunk *at least* to our knees, often to our middles, and it was sometimes a difficult matter to get out of the bottomless holes into which we had fallen, there being nothing better than the wretched vegetation last mentioned to lay hold of. My old and tried walking-stick, which had been so often proved, broke in two; and this circumstance, small as it was, made my party quite downhearted, as if it were ominous. Often did I see my poor baggage-bearers sink down into the mud to their loins, being kept only by the box or basket on their backs resting on the rushes from sinking further. About 5 P. M., seeing no end to our misery, and now scarcely knowing whither we were going, I induced Edwin, an expert climber, to ascend a high pine-tree, and look about him. How

anxiously did we beneath wait to catch his words! And when he shouted down, "Alas! such a forest, such a forest; stretching away interminably!"—our hearts almost sank within us. But there was no time for idling; so we again went to work. Another Native taking the lead, we kept on, as before, for another hour, when I again got Edwin to climb a tree, and to make observations. As before, so now, we gained nothing to cheer us. Only a swampy lake, having apparently deep water in it, we found to be just ahead, between us and a dense forest which stretched away as before; so we sloped away to the South-West in order to avoid the water. We thus continued to force our way for another hour, the wood seeming to get more watery as we advanced, when, it getting dark, being near sunset, and now only wishing to find a dry and firm spot to halt upon, I again sent Edwin up a tree, but with very little better success, save that he saw a hill in the distance, in the direction in which we were going, and also the hilly route behind us which we had yesterday come over. We now sought about for a dry and firm spot to pitch the tent on, knowing that it would soon be pitch-dark in the wood, and fortunately we soon found a small space among the pools of water, where we thankfully halted. But our troubles were not yet at an end; for Edwin, poor fellow, wandering to a little distance to seek some Totara bark, to form the roof of a rudely-constructed hut—the wind being very high, with every appearance of rain, and to-morrow being Sunday—lost his way back, and we saw him no more till 9 A. M. on the morrow. All the night we were very uncomfortable about him. I was quite shocked at the appearance of some of my Natives this evening, especially Nathaniel, whose knees and legs were dreadfully torn and lacerated. I, myself, though protected by more clothing, &c., and walking either second or third in the column of march, had nearly twenty cuts and wounds in my hands alone. I divided our scanty stock of flour, rice, and bread, into four small meals, one for this evening, one for the morning, one for the evening of to-morrow, and one—and that the *last*—for Monday morning. No rest throughout the night, through thinking upon Edwin—fearing that he had fallen from a tree and been hurt—and the incessant noise of the parrots, scared by our fires, and the dolorous rheumatic pains in my ears, teeth, and face, now greatly increased in consequence of having been so very wet and cold all day. Rain during the night.

*Lord's-day*—Very early this morning Philip arose, and, without saying a word, left his companions. About 9 A.M., to our great joy, Edwin returned. It would appear that he lost his way in returning with the bark; and there being no discernible sign whatever in the pitchy darkness of the night, and the noise of the wind effectually excluding all hearing of his or our shouting, after having in vain climbed a tree to look out for some glare from our fires, he wandered about for some hours, when, finding a dry spot, he laid himself down and slept until daybreak, when, by retracing his steps, &c., he found his way back to us quite exhausted. I gave him half a glass of wine in a little warm water, and a small piece of bread, which revived him. We did not get up till 10 A.M.; soon after which Philip returned with a smiling countenance and light heart, and a small basket of potatoes on his shoulders. He had found his way to the river Ruamahanga, thence to the Cattle Station of a kind Scotch Settler, where he got some breakfast, and thence to a small native village near by, the people of which had all gone to Huaangarua, save one, who supplied him with a little food for his companions, and then left for Huaangarua, to inform the Natives there assembled of my being in the neighbourhood. We now thanked God and took courage, and rested during the Sabbath in the wood, holding our two Services and Bible Class as usual.



LINES SUGGESTED BY OBSERVING THE ACTION OF THE  
TIDE ON THE CLAY-CLIFFS OF CROMER, IN NORFOLK.

WAVE after wave, with ceaseless roar,  
Breaks forcibly on Cromer's shore—  
Pulsations of the mighty deep,  
Whose restless waters never sleep.  
Yonder the boundless sea extends,  
Till with the distant sky it blends;  
Yet, not content, it strives for more,  
And battles with the crumbling shore;  
And like some Chief, who, in his lust  
To conquer, proves himself unjust,  
And now by fraud and now by force  
Persists in his ambitious course;  
So, o'er the land the mighty main  
Struggles new victories to gain.  
While on the beach it gently steals,  
The pillars of its strength it feels;  
And when around the cliffs it plays,  
Insidiously their strength surveys:

## POETRY.

Until the tempest's roar is heard,  
Then every energy is stirr'd :  
Rous'd to the strife, the angry sea  
Rises in fearful majesty ;  
Cover'd with foam, the billows rage,  
And fiercely with the cliffs engage ;  
Urge stroke on stroke—the yielding clay,  
Forc'd from its hold, at length gives way,  
And, breaking with a fearful sound,  
In ruined fragments falls around.

Yet not alone the ocean's sway  
Subverts those stalwart cliffs of clay.  
They yield when land-springs from within  
The mould'ring process first begin.  
But for this weakness, from on high  
They might the foaming surge defy,  
And disregard the waves that beat  
In wild commotion at their feet.

So o'er the world spreads Satan's reign,  
Its type th' unfathomable main.  
Encroachment ever marks its course ;  
Its means of action, fraud and force.  
Hostile to truth, it strives with those  
Who would the tide of sin oppose,  
And, like the sea-cliffs, boldly stand  
To breast the flood, at God's command.

They, who are truly Christ's, endure :  
Firm as the rock, their strength is sure.  
Vainly the waves their force expend,  
Vainly with such as these contend :  
The Lord's unchanging truth their base,  
They yield not, move not from their place.  
But when there's weakness from within,  
An oozing forth of secret sin,  
A consciousness of some reserve,  
This chills the heart and daunts the nerve.  
When the shock comes, they yield, they sink,  
They totter on destruction's brink,  
And their sad fall attests the need  
That Christians should be such indeed.

May such our Missionaries be,  
Their sure foundation, Lord, in Thee !  
Stedfast in ev'ry trying hour,  
Invincible by Satan's pow'r ;  
Their purpose firm, their faith sincere,  
Their motives pure, their conscience clear ;  
Standing unmov'd, like rocks that brave  
The utmost fury of the wave.



# CHURCH MISSIONARY GLENER.

No. 12.      DECEMBER, 1849.      Vol. IX.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE REV. H. W. FOX,  
ASSISTANT SECRETARY TO THE CHURCH MIS-  
SIONARY SOCIETY.

*(Concluded from p. 123 of our last Number.)*

His ordination now took place. The Bishop of London admitted him to the Order of Deacon on the Sunday before Christmas-day. In the previous examination, Henry Fox had acquitted himself well; for when the Bishop read out the names of the candidates, in the order of merit, he was the second on the list. His marriage soon followed his Ordination, and he devoted the few weeks remaining to him in England to parting with his friends. "My marriage once over," he remarked to me, "then begins my time of trial, and of realizing the fact of leaving home and friends, which for months I have scarcely done, having had so much immediate occupation on my hands. We shall probably leave England about the middle of February." Before he set sail, I paid him and his wife a visit in London. The numberless affairs which his position entailed upon him did not permit much quiet intercourse; but I accompanied them—and shall not easily forget the solemn occasion—to the College of the Church Missionary Society at Islington, where they were to receive their parting charge from the Committee. Mr. Tucker delivered it, whose Indian experience rendered his remarks most weighty, pointing out, not merely the encouragements and hinderances to the work in general, but also those which peculiarly affect the Missionary in India.

On his arrival at Masulipatam he addressed himself to the acquisition of the Telugu language, the language of ten millions of Hindoos, subjects of the British Crown, among whom, previously to the arrival of Messrs. Noble and Fox, no Church-of-Eng-

land Missionary had ever been stationed. After a few months, however, his health obliged him to leave his Station; nor was he enabled to return to Mausulipatam for three years. His labours were then resumed; but on the expiration of another twelvemonth the failure of his own health, as well as that of Mrs. Fox, rendered his return to England imperative. The day after they had embarked, Mrs. Fox died, and his youngest child a few days after. Having thus passed through the deep waters of tribulation, he landed in England, with two children, in March 1846.

It was most striking to hear from him, immediately upon his arrival, his determination to return to his labours at the earliest period possible; herein affording another evidence that he had been called to the work by the Holy Spirit of God. His family circumstances would have enabled him to live at home in comparative affluence; his interrupted health in India would have afforded a full justification in the eyes of all; his two motherless children might have shaken his resolution. But with the unhesitating decision of one who has received the commission of his Commanding Officer, and the cheerfulness of one who serves a beloved Master, he prepared to return to India after a few months, chiefly spent in visiting and speaking at Public Meetings. On the 20th of October 1846, just seven months after his arrival, he returned by the Overland route; but after twelve months' zealous exertions his health again broke down, and he was hurried away from India.

Subsequently he was appointed to the office of Assistant-Secretary to the Church Missionary Society, and entered on his duties in July 1848, in the spirit of one whose desire it was to glorify his Saviour. He lived as one who felt the time was short, and applied himself with diligence to the improvement of every opportunity for good which was presented to him; and in the midst of his work his Lord was pleased to call him. While pleading the cause of Missions at Durham—that sacred cause to which he had surrendered

all, in connexion with this life, which man loves most dearly—his last illness came upon him; and from the midst of his own family, with those around him with whom were identified all his earliest Christian associations, he was introduced to a happier home, and to the immediate presence of his God and Saviour. One extract from the Obituary which appeared in the Church Missionary Record for January of the present year, will show the Christian serenity of his mind in the prospect of death, and how truly he might have said, "My soul is as a weaned child."

His parting with his two little children evidenced the same strong faith, and detachment from this world. His thirty-first birthday occurred during his illness, and he received with a cheerful smile the visit of his children to his bedside, when they brought him nosegays, and wished him many happy returns. When he thought his time might be short, he desired to see them. "They got on the bed," his sister writes, "and kissed him. He said, 'That is your last kiss. God bless you! If you wish to see papa again, you must come to heaven, where you will find him, and dear mamma, and little Johnny. Now, good bye!' He was calm, and not overcome. I remembered his deep emotion when he parted from them to return to India two years before. The struggle—and it was a bitter one—was gone through at that time. The sacrifice had been made, and God spared him the pain of a second. He afterward told me that he had a firm confidence they would come to him in heaven. Upon my inquiring if he had any thing to say respecting them, he merely said, "You know my wishes so well, I have nothing to tell you. Their mother and I committed them to you."

These few reminiscences have been imperfectly put together, as a kind of forerunner to a full and authentic Memoir of this good man, which is on the eve of publication.



#### TRANSLATION OF A LETTER FROM A NEW-ZEALAND CATECHIST.

WE present to our readers the following interesting specimen of native correspondence in New Zealand.

N 2

It is the translation of a Memorandum written by Leonard Kawepo, Native Teacher at Waitangi, to his Minister, the Rev. W. Colenso.

SIR—On the 4th of July 1848, being sent by you, I left my home at Te Pokonao, Heretaunga; and on the 8th arrived at the village of Matuku (Patea), where I remained, confined with a bad foot, till the 20th. While at Matuku, teaching the Natives, I happened to hear some of the people say that there was an old woman left at a potato plantation called Tarare, on the banks of the Rangitikei river. Finding it was near my road thence, I determined that I would call and see her, if she were alive, and if dead, to bury her.

On July the 20th I left Matuku; and on arriving at the river Moawango we got into a canoe, and I and my companions paddled down the river till we came into the Rangitikei river. The banks of the Moawango are high and precipitous, thickly wooded above. At this season of the year, the icicles were hanging in profusion from the cliffs, and roots and branches of trees, some as thick as my arm, and some the thickness of a candle. As we paddled and sailed along, I inquired of my companions, "What place is this?" They replied, "It is Tarare." I asked of them again, "Is it here that the old woman resides?" My companions replied, "Yes." So I proposed to them that we should go and see the old woman; and if she were dead, that we would bury her; and if she were still alive, we would leave her dwelling where she was. I said, "Let us go." So we climbed up the precipice, till we came to a ladder—formed of two long poles, to which were fastened transverse sticks as steps—placed against the perpendicular cliffs, with vines fastened at the top to hold by. This ladder we ascended, and on reaching the top we proceeded till we came to a potato plantation. I shouted aloud, "Old woman, old woman, where art thou?" but receiving no answer, I began to think, perhaps the old woman is dead. So we went on till we came to a hut, and there was the old woman, alive, it is true, but near death. I went to her, shook hands, and rubbed noses with her. She had been here the whole of June and the half of July fasting, we arriving on the 20th of July. Her fire had long ago gone out, and she had not the means of rekindling it. Her only food was wild turnip leaves and stems, which she ate raw: the latter she first bruised between two stones, and then ate them: this

was her only sustenance. She said she had suffered most from want of water. As I and my companions stood by her side, one of them asked her, "Who is this man?" She replied, "I know: this man is from Heretaunga: it is Te Naihi." I inquired of my companions, "Who is Te Naihi?" The old woman replied, "The son of Tareahi." We then knew who she meant. She now began to talk to us, and said, "My fire has long been extinguished: shortly after the people went away from here my fire went out: two nights after they left, my fire went out. Nevertheless, this is the goodness of God to me, because I trust in God. And here I am, thinking over the words which Colenso said to me."—I inquired, "What did he say?" She replied, "He said to me, to think upon Jesus Christ as my Saviour."—I inquired, "Hast thou indeed seen Colenso?" She replied, "Yes."—I inquired, "Where?" and she replied, "At Matuku." She then began to tell us how she had been beset by Satan. "I immediately," said she, "prayed to God, and I said to Satan, 'Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.' Upon this Satan fled, and I was delivered from him. This, therefore, is the cause that thou hast found me alive, because I continually put my trust in God as my deliverer."—I inquired again, "Old woman, does thine heart continue to love God?" She replied, "Yes, I do love God: therefore I am alive, and am seen here by thee."—I answered, "It is very good, old woman, for thee to love God." She then said, "These are my thoughts about myself, lying here sick; but perhaps they are not correct."—I replied, "Say on;" and she said, "My thoughts are, that Jesus Christ was two days in the cave, and on the third day He rose again from the dead." I replied, "What thou sayest is correct. Christ rose on the third day from the dead: thy thought is right. Cleave thou to Jesus Christ, the Saviour, the Son of God." After this, I told the old woman who my parents and ancestors were; on hearing which she wept. I then said to my mates, "Light a fire for the old woman." This being done, I proposed that we should all go and get in a lot of firewood for her, which we did, piling it up all around her, leaving one side open, and she sitting in the midst. Her sight was almost gone, which was our reason for placing the fuel within her reach. This done, I said to the old woman, "Abide thou here: I am going direct to Otara,

where thy husband is, and I will send him to fetch thee away. Had our canoe been a larger one, I would myself have borne thee to it: as it is, it being but a very small one, it will be better for thee to remain quietly here until a larger canoe shall come, lest, having been preserved hitherto, thou shouldst now perish by water." I then asked her for some vessel in which I might get her a supply of water; but she said she had nothing of the kind. She then offered me a new mat which she had, and which she had wove, which I refused, saying, "Keep thy mat for thyself, and if thou feelest thyself to be dying ere any one shall arrive, wrap it nicely about thyself." This is all; and I and my mates departed, saying to the old woman, "Dwell thou here: let thy heart cleave to God and to Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Saviour." To this she replied, "Yes, my heart will cleave to God, who has preserved me, and permitted thee to see me, and me to see thee: and now the fire is rekindled for me, my heart continually thinks upon the goodness of God to me." I replied, "Yes, it is good for thy heart to cleave to God thy Saviour." This is all, and, after rubbing noses and shaking hands with the old lady, we left, and proceeded on our journey.

On arriving at Otara, where the man resided who had deserted the old woman, I sought for him, and desired him to go on the morrow with a canoe, and fetch the old woman. Upon which he opened his mouth upon me, saying, "I will not go and fetch her."—I replied, "Thou must go and fetch her." Said he, "Never will I go."—I then became angry with that man, and said to him, "Thou art a bad man! Is it indeed so? And wilt thou thus treat the person who has ever been kind toward thee? who wrought garments for thee, who dressed victuals for thee, who fetched water for thee; and is this indeed thy return to her?" I was very angry with that man, for he was the husband of that old woman. I would not stay to sleep at that place, but went on, and—after some hardships and narrow escapes in my long winter's journey—arrived at home on the 13th of August 1848. The man's name is Te Wew; the old woman's, Te Ngungu. Written by me,

LEONARD KAWAPO, Native Teacher.

To the foregoing melancholy recital Mr. Colenso adds the following from his Journal—

Dec. 5, 1848—On the Rangitikei river, between Otaga and Patea. We did not start this morning till near nine o'clock ; having all my little matters of cooking, washing, and packing, to do myself, now that my old steward lad is thrown aside.\* We travelled steadily on, however, over a trackless country, until four P.M., when we turned aside to an old potato plantation, in hopes of finding some food, but found little save wild turnip-tops and thistles, of which we gathered good store. I saw some of my poor lads eating *raw* thistles, which I never before witnessed. This was the spot where Leonard found the poor old woman, Ngungu ; and, looking about, we found her grave, which afforded me food for reflection for some time. At Patea I subsequently learned the following particulars. The two persons who accompanied Leonard from Matuku to Manawatu returned thence by the same route by which they went, arriving at Tarare in the beginning of September. They found the old woman dead. She had evidently been dead some time, perhaps a fortnight or three weeks. She was lying stretched out under some grass and thistles, with which she had attempted to make a kind of shelter for herself from the inclemency of the weather. The hut in which she was left, by Leonard and his little party, was entirely destroyed by fire, and, from the great quantity of embers and half-burnt sticks, it was supposed that this must have happened soon after they had left. Hence the poor old soul had had another trial to endure. I reproved, in my strongest manner, the cruelty of her relatives residing at Patea, who, knowing how the poor creature was left, could allow her to remain for such a length of time, without once going to see her ; and yet, after her death, going in a body to show their *great* love to her, by howling and crying over her grave !

We found Tarare to be nearly two days' journey by land from Otaga, and full two-thirds of a day from Matuku, deeply secluded among dense forests.

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#### ESCAPE FROM SHIPWRECK.

THE Wesleyan Missionary, the Rev. R. B. Lyth, when passing in the schooner boat "Venus" from the

\* He had strained the sinews of his back very severely the day before, in descending one of the steep cliffs of the river.

island Vewa to another portion of the Feejee group, in the month of April 1848, was compelled, by stress of weather, to shelter in an harbour of the island Ovalow, where an American brig had previously anchored, on board of which five of the Missionary party transferred themselves, on the Captain's invitation, leaving the boat anchored near the shore, in charge of three men. Soon the hurricane commenced. The following is Mr. Lyth's description of it—

At an early hour in the morning I was awoke by the noise on deck. I arose, and, after my morning's devotions, went on deck, and found all hands engaged in attempts to lessen the strain of the wind on the masts: it was blowing a hurricane.

Apprehensions were already entertained respecting the safety of the "Venus;" and as she could not be seen, it was concluded she had broken from her moorings, and had been driven ashore. But soon our own danger became more and more apparent, for in a few moments a voice cried out, "We are adrift!" One chain had broken, and, immediately after, the second. They snapped like tow under the stress of a tremendous squall. This was an awful moment. The brig veered round with her broadside to the storm, and she was in danger of being thrown on her beam-ends, beside which, she was drifting I knew not whither. In the partial confusion that followed I endeavoured to take refuge in prayer, and with much confidence committed myself into the hands of my God and Saviour, and found inward peace in trusting my all on Christ alone. I commended myself, my family, my companions in peril, to the infinite mercy of God in Christ. We drifted rapidly down the anchorage. The only thing to save us was to run the brig ashore. Providentially, this was accomplished. Orders were given to turn the helm, and in a few moments we grounded on the land-reef. The hurricane had now obtained a fearful height: the squalls of wind and rain, with the raging of the sea, were terrific. The next step was to cut away the masts, and in a few moments both fell overboard together, which relieved the ship. As it was, the impetuous gusts coming on our larboard side, threw the brig almost on her beam-ends. Two of her boats were, one after another, carried from their lashings into the sea, and broken to pieces. As day came



on we were favoured with a little more light, which showed us that we were not more than a cable's length from the shore, but, at the same time, that it was impossible to reach it till the storm moderated. From half-past six to nine A.M. the storm was at its height, during which time we were exposed to all its fury. The brig became in a short time a complete wreck. Being continually thrown on her side by the force of the wind and waves, she soon bilged. It was apprehended that the wind, which had been blowing along the land, might veer about, and blow from it, and drive us again into deep water. To guard against this danger, an anchor was cast out on the reef; but providentially the wind continued nearly in the same quarter until all danger from this source was over, for every gust fixed us more firmly on the ground; and in three or four hours from our first striking the storm began to moderate.

It was not long after the "Tim Pickering" had struck, that the "Venus" was seen drifting broadside toward us. Her masts had been cut away. We expected she would be dashed to pieces against the brig; but it afforded a hope that the three poor fellows on board might thus escape from her to the brig. But, alas! we were disappointed: she drifted past our stern, and we saw her no more. Poor Grandy and one of his companions perished with her; the third, a young man, escaped to land, as if by miracle, on the fourth night after the storm. To his deliverance I shall refer again.

As soon as the hurricane began to abate, and the tide to fall, the Natives made an attempt to get to us. The property we knew would be plundered, and, according to Feejeean custom, we might all expect to be killed; but the place where we had got on shore being friendly with the Whites, we had some ground to hope and think that our lives would be spared. In this respect the Lord was mindful of us. After some fruitless efforts, the Natives succeeded in reaching the brig; and, at the same time, a rope having been secured on shore, by means of which to get to land, we were urged by the Natives to quit the brig, and go to their town. By about ten A.M. we had all reached the shore in safety, and were not only not molested by the Natives, but were treated by them with a degree of heathen kindness.

For a length of time nothing was heard of the "Venus" and

her unhappy crew: it was fully concluded that the three poor fellows had perished with her, till the young man referred to above found his way home. When his father first heard the news of his being alive, and his safe arrival, the tidings overpowered him: he could not believe it. He had given him up for lost, and the bitterness of death was past: to receive him again was life from the dead.

The youth stated that, after passing the brig, they drifted along the island, hoping to bring up on a prominent point of land, but were disappointed. Death then seemed inevitable; and Thomas Grandy, who had been a very steady man, proposed that they should pray, and himself spent the few moments that remained in prayer to God. Without being able to do any thing to save themselves, they drifted away from the island, till, coming to a shoal place, the boat struck on the rocks, and, rolling over, was filled. Here his two companions met with a watery grave. Being himself an excellent swimmer, and having laid hold of a broken part of the boat, he did the best he could to save himself. He kept up all that day, notwithstanding the violence of the wind and waves. In the course of the night he struck against something, which proved to be the "Venus" boat, nine feet in length, turned upside down. He first placed himself on the bottom of the boat, but it sunk with him; so he was obliged to be content to hold on and drift with it, till, coming to a reef, he was afraid, if he clung to the boat, that on striking on the reef he might be injured. This consideration induced him reluctantly to let go his hold. Then, committing himself to the rollers, he was carried on the top of a fearful mountain-wave right on to the reef, where he found footing. Here he stood for a moment, when, to his great joy, the lost boat came up to where he was, guided to its destination by the hand of Providence. He now righted his little bark, baled out the water, and then placed himself in it, and again he was borne on the stormy billows, naked, hungry, and helpless. But God gave the winds and the waves charge concerning him, and supported his mind; for although his situation was so perilous, his courage never forsook him. As he proceeded along this second day he discovered a cocoa-nut floating on the water, and being pressed by hunger, he got out of the boat and swam for it, as this was his only way of getting it. His hunger and thirst being relieved by the prize he had taken, he was

strengthened for further trials and difficulties that still awaited him. On the third day he picked up the branch of a cocoa-nut tree, which he used as a paddle. In this way he kept on during the dreary hours of the day and night, sometimes sleeping, sometimes baling out the water, and anon paddling with the cocoa-nut branch; till at length, on the fourth night—according to his reckoning—he reached Nasa-vusavu, a part of Vanu island, about fifty miles distant from the shoal where the “Venus” was lost.

His first object on reaching the land was to quench his thirst; and then, having refreshed himself with a copious draught of water, he lay down and fell asleep in the bush. On awaking, he considered what was best to be done: he knew the danger he was in from the Natives; and as to what part of the group he was in he knew not. This determined him to act with the greatest circumspection. After having seen several Natives pass, he was himself at length discovered by a Feejee man. He went boldly up to him, and would follow him into the town, though the other very much wished him to remain in the path till the Chief was informed of his arrival. He knew what this meant, and simply said, “Where you go, I go.” The Feejean said, “Then you go first;” but this he declined, saying, “You know the way: I will follow you.” When they came to the town, the people soon gathered around their victim. Touching his eyes with their hands, they began to say to him, “O yes! this is salt water;” meaning, You have been wrecked: we must kill you. They were preparing to despatch him, when a woman rushed out of a neighbouring house, and, taking hold of the youth, said to the others, “O no! you shall not kill this young man.” She was immediately seconded by her husband, and they happily succeeded in saving him from being killed and eaten. His deliverers were a Chief and his wife, who had arrived that morning from a neighbouring town, having come to beg a whale’s tooth. The Chief who thus providentially rescued David soon learnt who he was, took him with him to his own town, treated him kindly while there, and then, to finish well what he had so nobly begun, took him and restored him to his father. All acknowledged the hand of God in this wonderful deliverance. O that all these events may lead, especially us, the parties concerned, and all others who hear of them, to praise God for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!

"THEY SHALL BE AS THE STONES OF A CROWN."—Zech. ix. 16.

I gazed on a kingly crown, all bright  
With gold, and jewels of radiant light ;  
The crown of a monarch whose happy reign  
Extends o'er the eastern and western main.  
And I thought, as I viewed it, how many a hand,  
In many a diverse and distant land,  
Of humble estate, and of mean renown,  
Had laboured to fashion that kingly crown !

I wandered, in thought, to the sunny shore  
Where they wash from the torrent the glittering ore ;  
And I marked, as grain by grain was told,  
There were many of sand, and few of gold.  
And I mused on the travail there needed still—  
The refiner's fire, and the craftsman's skill—  
Ere those scattered atoms, all shapeless now,  
Could grace the rich crown on a regal brow.

I considered the toil in Golconda's mines,  
For the peerless stone that in darkness shines ;  
And the diver, who buffets the yawning wave,  
To tear the rough shell from her ocean cave.  
Man's life seems counted of little worth,  
When compared with the precious things of earth !  
They were paid, if they found but *one* pearl or gem  
That was meet for a royal diadem.

I tracked the bleak deserts of pathless snow,  
Where the ermine hunters in silence go ;  
And the hand, and the loom, had their praises due,  
As the beautiful circlet passed under review ;  
Nor least was the skill of the ruling mind,  
Which the various portions in form combined,  
And my thoughts rose from earthly to heavenly things—  
Will not such be the crown of the King of kings ?

Oh ! faint not, ye who devote your prime  
To be wasted in Africa's burning clime ;  
Nor ye who in India and China sigh  
O'er the scales with which learning incrusts the eye ;  
Nor ye who afar in some western wild  
Are lab'ring for Nature's degraded child ;  
Nor ye who in England are called to share  
The burden of all the Churches' care.

The gems that ye seek are of priceless worth,  
The jewels ye fashion are not of earth.  
The crown that ye deck, though unfinished now,  
Is destined to circle no mortal brow.  
The King whom ye serve, once rejected and slain,  
Shall yet take to Himself His great power, and reign ;  
And ye then shall acknowledge, with one accord,  
That your labour had not been in vain in the Lord !

Oct. 17, 1849.

J.







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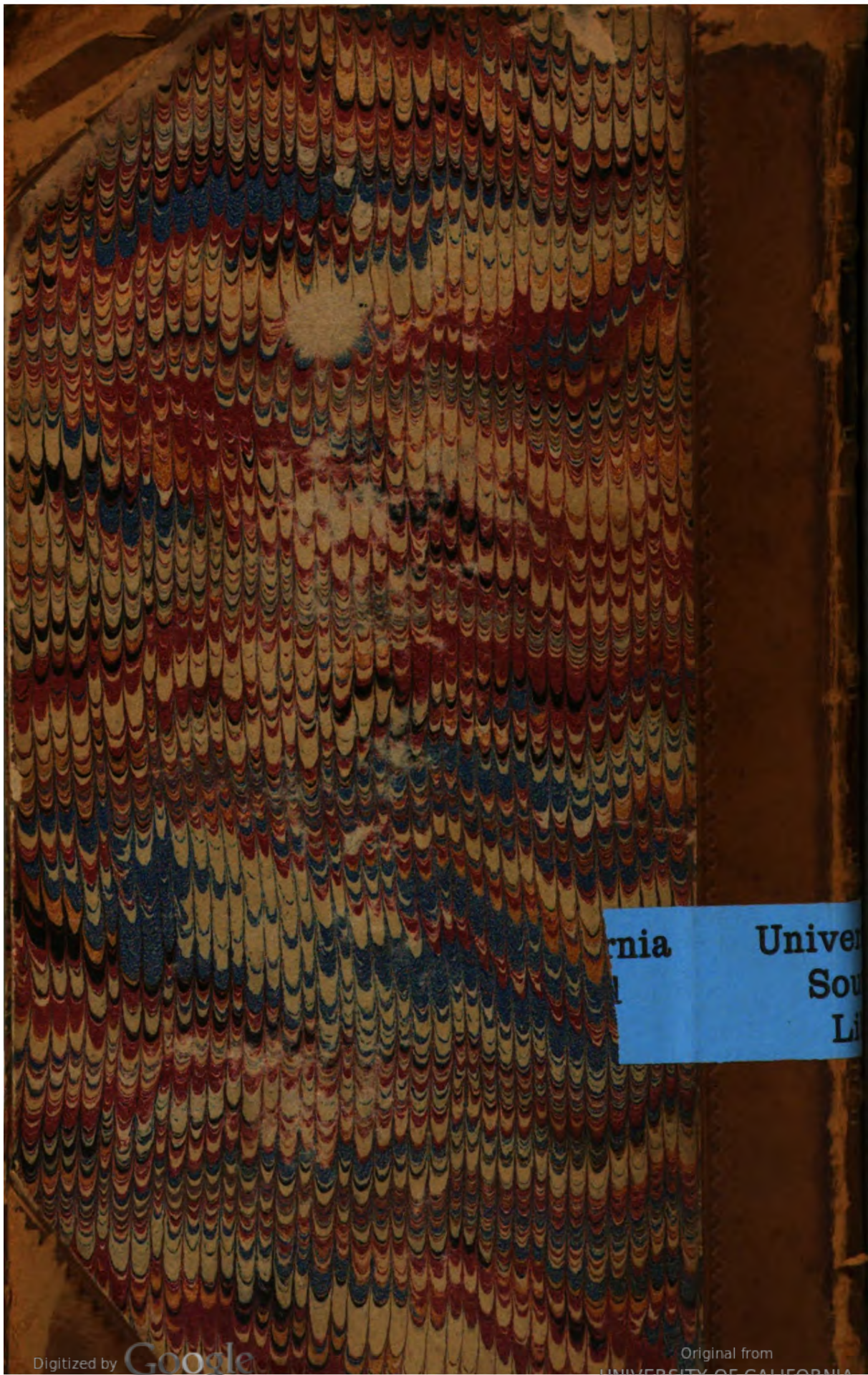
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